JULY 14 — 20, 1979

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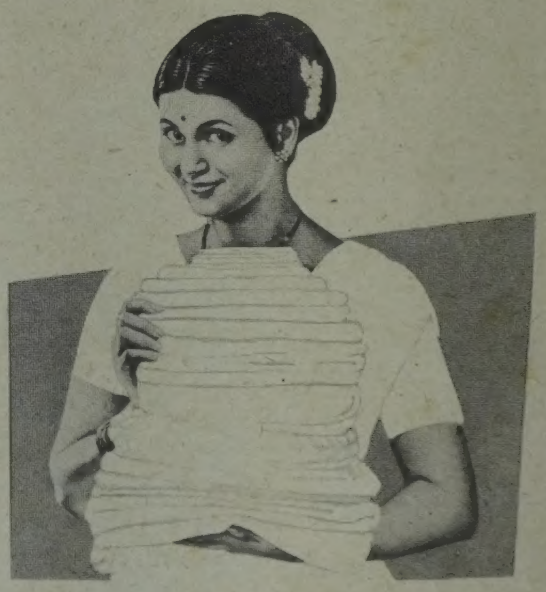

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RAMA RAO

Born in Bangalore. Popularly known by her pet name Rani. At present doing M.A. in Ancient History. Wants to specialise in Archaeology. Completed a two-year course in German. Interested in theatre. Has acted in a Sanskrit play. Likes Western and Indian music and is a keen student of Yoga. Won a prize in Yoga at the Karnataka State Olympics.

Photograph : Dhiraj Chawda

VOL. XXXIII NO. 28 BOMBAY

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THIS WEEK

THE STARS LACK LUSTRE

The days when they were equated with courtesans are gone, but actresses on the Konkani stage apparently have a long way to go professionally.
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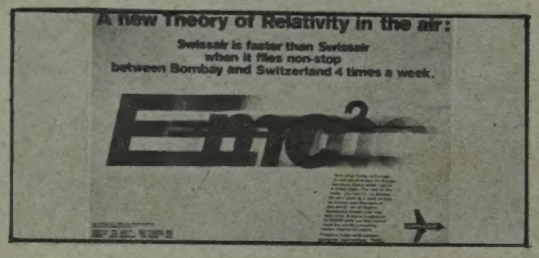
MYTHS IN OUR MYTHOLOGY

The periodical examination of religions and the codes of behaviour they directly or indirectly sanction is not blasphemous. It is, rather, an attempt to relate religion to the realities of a changing world.
Page 12.

GRAPHIC SUCCESSES

Selections from this year's winners of the prestigious Commercial Artists Guild (CAG) awards.
Page 22.


A new theory of Relativity in the air:
Swissair is faster than Swissair
when it flies non-stop
between Bombay and Switzerland 4 times a week.
Emc²

"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING . . ."

. . . But the flesh is weak. Their active, intelligent minds are trapped in imperfect bodies, but given a chance, persons afflicted with cerebral palsy can contribute much to society.
Page 35.

UNDERSTANDING MECHANICS

Do you know what to look for when you are buying a car? In this, the first of a two-part feature, the mysteries of the car are unravelled.
Page 42.

ALSO

Film Interview: Moushumi Chatterjee — **Page 19** Eve Today: K. N. Saraswathy, blending psychology and astrology — **Page 21** "My Darling Clementina" : Part III of the new Mills & Boon serialization — **Page 27** IYC Feature: Empty promises on the rights of the child — **Page 38** Children's Story — **Page 40** Women in Focus: Pushpa Lal and Chand Rai — **Page 45.**

REGULAR FEATURES

Your Page/**7**, Readers' Voice/**9**, Short Story/**14**, Beauty/**25**, Fashion/**26**, Cookery/**31**, Comics/**34**, Young Viewpoint/**41**, Frankly Speaking/**47**, People and Events/**48**, Horoscope/**50.**

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YOUR PAGE

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1st PRIZE

CASTE OFF

When we should be striving to do away with caste consciousness and caste prejudices, government regulations often have the opposite effect of accentuating and perpetuating these inequities and injustices.

For instance, on every application form for a job or for admission to a course of study or training, the applicant is expected to declare his caste and creed. For goodness' sake, why? After all, the minimum basic qualifications for a job or a seat in an educational institution should be the same for all candidates. If the idea is to give a helping hand to the hitherto depressed and oppressed sections of society, the basic for concessions should be the economic status of the applicant. The concessions themselves should be relaxation of the age bar and waiving of fees, not a lowering of standards of efficiency and ability.

Similarly, it's not a healthy tendency to have separate Harijan hostels or colonies. Let the Harijans live in hostels and colonies along with everybody else and let them be given economic help and all encouragement, not because they are Harijans but because they are poor.

This caste apartheid which we Indians have practised for centuries cannot easily be rectified, but we must at least begin to try. The best starting point is at the school admission stage. There should be no query or mention about the child's caste. Teachers who practise caste discrimination should be sacked.

MRS. PARVATHI MENON, Kerala

"What caste are you", "which community do you belong to" — this kind of talk is initiated early in life and goes on, ad nauseum, into a lifetime of distinctions. Teachers, parents, employers, leaders — it is incumbent upon all to crush these shameful barriers.

2nd PRIZE

ALL FOR SECURITY

Recently when my friend was taken by her parents to 'those' interviews with the boy's people, she had her most shameful experience. Here she was, intelligent, qualified and earning, having to put up with people — not at par with her socially, intellectually and mentally — looking her up and down closely, questioning and counter questioning her, making her feel she was worse than a commodity on sale desperately waiting to be 'bought'. One is expected to say and express views which tally with the prospective buyer's, to pretend to be timid, helpless and mindless. For security and family life one has to put aside all feelings of pride and anger, not only while 'husband-grabbing' but also in the future. Does this mean that to be a woman is to stop living?

NALINI MAHABALAM (Address not supplied)

Intelligent, qualified, and yet acquiescing into appearing for 'those' interviews! Why should this be so? Is it lack of spunk, is it consistent brainwashing, is it eagerness to get married at all costs? If the girls don't put their foot down, who is going to do it for them?

3rd PRIZE

TO CATCH A TEASE

Understandably, there is a lot of anger among the public at the objectionable conduct of some young men of Delhi towards girls travelling in public buses. Many remedies have been suggested by various persons.

But I have not come across any practical solutions among the many offered. To expect the other men who travel in buses to rise in righteous indignation and bring the young men under control is too idealistic. To protest in any way would be to ask for certain trouble. Few care to appear as witnesses, if matters are taken to court.

I remember having read somewhere several years ago that on the New York subways, when a similar problem arose, the police engaged a few girls to travel by subway and policemen in plain clothes accompanied them, who were able to detain and deal with the offenders. This is said to have brought a rapid improvement.

I wonder whether the Delhi police could copy the New York measures with suitable adaptations. A few arrests, especially if made on roads around the schools and colleges would act as deterrents and it is not going to cost much money.

MRS. A. JOSEPH, Calcutta

Any worthwhile idea towards tackling this problem, is most welcome. The Delhi bus situation is appalling. The police have been indifferent long enough. A tough crackdown on the hooligans seems to be the only way...

PAMPERED CHILDREN

Nowadays, we seem to be under the impression that making a child work is a heinous crime. Let me make it clear that I am not supporting exploitation of child labour, but while agreeing with you that every child must have the opportunity "to learn and play" and must be "fed and clothed and made happy", I do think that they must also be taught to work and earn. Even while we exploit the labour of the unfortunate child servants, we pamper our own children by not letting them do any work at all.

Their lives of "all play and no work" become the ideal of the poorer children — no wonder many of them fritter away their meagre wages refusing to contribute them to the family income.

A generation or two back, every middle class child had to perform certain duties at home. This inculcated in the children a sense of responsibility and made them independent to some extent. But today, the children seem to think that it is the duty of the parents to toil and provide for them, while they can be as irresponsible as they please. This attitude is spreading to our lower middle class and even poorer sections. We Indians are notorious as the laziest of all people in the world. Let us not make our children still lazier by over-indulgence. Let us teach them to work as well as to play.

MRS. R. RAMAKRISHNAN, Bangalore

Yes, today's children do seem to take a lot for granted. On the other hand, young people who are keen to work and earn, are scarcely given an opportunity to do so. It is enough, therefore, to teach them the dignity of labour so that, should the occasion arise, they can tackle any situation.

TOUCH OF GLASS

Jams, pickles, chutneys and sauces, that are commonly sold in the market today, are usually packed in glass jars. These glass jars are used thereafter for storing other things like masalas, etc. It would be better if these glass jars were manufactured in the shape of a drinking glass so that they can be re-used for drinking water, tea, or coffee. A drinking glass nowadays costs not less than a rupee. These glasses should have a plastic top, instead of the usual tin-top. This measure, I am sure, would be welcomed by all users of these savouries, whose number is in millions.

KRISHIN HEMRAJANI, Bombay

We believe some firms are already doing this and good-looking glass jars are being used as drinking glasses. Maybe, more manufacturers can note this suggestion.

ENERGY WITH EXTRA REACH

CAS-KFP-7934

READERS' VOICE

Most articles raise a question, a comment or at least a criticism. Write them down and mail them to us!

WHAT'S THE EXCUSE FOR EVE-TEASING?

It was with interest that I read your recent special issue (May 12) about the Indian male, particularly the article on the phenomenon of eve-teasing, by Jyoti Punwani. So I thought I would write to you as a foreigner about my experiences with the Indian male. I have been travelling throughout India with my husband for five months and during this time have been sexually accosted on six occasions (incidentally, all in the north of India)!

No longer is India a peaceful country to travel in. In my experience, Delhi is the worst city in this regard and I find myself becoming very aggressive in turn as the only way to survive. It is the middle-class, so-called educated young men who indulge in these crimes.

Many middle-aged people have talked to me on my travels here about the fibre of the Indian extended family, comparing it with the supposed breakdown of the family in the West. I, however, am beginning to feel that there is something seriously amiss with the moral fibre of the Indian family.

It is not as though I flaunt myself in the streets, nor do I wear provocative clothing. So what is the excuse?

DIANA METSON, New Delhi.

HUMAN INTEREST STORIES

I like your bold quest for many and varied topics. What I have enjoyed most in recent issues have been the human interest stories, which help your readers and give them some mental consolation.

H. R. PARTHA RAJA, Pune.

WOMEN'S ENTERPRISE

It was very heartening to read about the Annapurna Mahila Mandal (June 2) and to know that something is being done to help the poor working classes to keep away from the vicious clutches of the money-lenders. It was also very reassuring to know that the workers were being fed during lock-outs and strikes and that some humanity still exists in this mercenary and pitiless city called Bombay.

MAYA S. ACHAR, Thane.

CAPITAL PUNISHMENT

I have read the article "The Death Penalty" by Malti Singh (June 2). According to her, "The small number of incorrigibles who remain unrepentent and hostile would have to be kept in jails for the remainder of their normal lives." How would we know whether a person is unrepentent and hostile? Only when he commits two or three more crimes when let loose in society. But these crimes can be very troublesome or even very harsh, like murder. So how is one to discriminate between repentent and unrepentent and hostile and non-hostile? Punishment should be given to serve as an example for other members of society. Otherwise everyone will be fearless and it will be very difficult for a simple person to live.

RENUKA MARWAH, New Delhi.

LIVING IN BHARAT VARSHA

With reference to the article, "Slogans do not keep a city clean" by Rochelle D'Souza (June 9), during my constitutional evening walk at Dehra Dun, as I passed by a house, a basketful of waste was thrown over my head from behind the boundary wall. People who were looking on at the drama found it difficult to suppress their smiles. Making the best of a bad bargain, I uttered the words, 'Jio, Jug Jug Jio' (God bless you) and moved on. After all, it is part of the game of living in Bharat Varsha.

CHARAN KALA, Dehra Dun

NEXT WEEK

ISSUE OF JULY 21

EROTICA IN INDIAN FOLKLORE

"Smut," they say, "is the salt of talk." An analysis of erotic themes in Indian folklore, which seem to be one of the two fundamental forms of folk literature (the other being sacred themes).

THE UNWANTED ONES

Admission into the wards of a mental asylum is hard to come by for the "normal", but definitely worth seeking, because it is a different world one encounters within.

DEATH EDUCATION

What do children know or think of death? Much more than one would think. The results of a survey done by students of child development.

WOMEN BAR-TENDERS

Goa boasts bars run by women as a perfectly respectable (if one may use such a prudish term) occupation.

Plus all our regular features.

KONKANI STAGE ARTISTES-

THE STARS LACK LUSTRE

Cecilia D'Souza

When pretty boy Christopher Leitao left Bombay for Muscat, the Konkani theatre lost its leading "female" artiste. His impersonation of a female was so realistic that his name on the billboards as the "heroine" in a drama created a stampede for tickets.

The women artistes in the Konkani theatre are relieved that he is no longer in India to devalue their stock. But the actresses need more than saccharine charm and their physical assets to make a significant contribution to regional theatre.

Konkani stage artistes — about a 100 men and 30 women — play to an estimated 30-lakh population of the western coast. Drama troupes also go abroad to entertain the new-rich Konkani speaking employees in the Gulf states. The theatre season has closed for the duration of the rains. This writer met several Goa based actresses of the Konkani theatre and some from Bombay troupes, and attended about a dozen plays during the February-May season. This is an assessment of the theatre scene with reference to the women artistes.

Mona, once the beauty queen of Konkani theatre, with her sister Ophelia, tragedienne of Konkani theatre in Bombay.

Sabina, first lady of Konkani drama.

Betty Naz brings realism to her roles.

Crista Furtado, named "best actress" in a newspaper poll.

PENCHANT FOR TRAGEDY

How good, or bad, are the actresses on the Konkani stage? A charge generally levelled against them is that they run the gamut of emotions from A to B. This is perhaps due to the fact that they show a preference for heavy, emotional roles. Sabina is the leading tragedienne of the Konkani theatre in Goa. Ophelia is dubbed "Queen of Tragedy" of the Bombay stage. "I like to play tragic roles because they readily win audience sympathy," confesses Ophelia.

Shalini apparently agrees with Ophelia. "My favourite role was that of Mary in 'Mother of Sorrows'," she said. "This is the part people still remember me by." However, a major part of her success was derived from the fact that with her mature figure and Madonna-like face, she looked the image of Christ's sorrowing mother.

Christa in "Jessmina" revelled in a weepy role — the star-crossed lover in the play. "I enjoyed enacting the teenager who falls in love with her father, whom she meets as a stranger, 17 years after he had abandoned her mother," she enthused. Josephine, as Adu, the aged woman in "Koidi" (Prisoner) was the archetype of the fond grandparent.

It should be stated, in fairness to the artistes, that the stilted roles in Konkani drama do not allow them scope to display nuances of feeling. A widow's lot is one of unrelieved gloom; the shrew is consistently bitchy. It is not surprising, therefore, that the actresses overplay a dominant trait.

Part of the artistes' inability to give their characterisation realism is lack of dramatic training. Goa's Kala Akademi arranges drama festivals. It makes awards for good performances, but it has never essayed to teach aspiring artistes the techniques of the trade. Mona, a former film star, and perhaps the best dramatic actress on the Konkani stage, was schooled in the profession by Hindi film directors. I remember her in a scene from a Konkani drama where she solved the problem of what to do with her hands (a common enough stage predicament) by shredding rose petals, one by one.

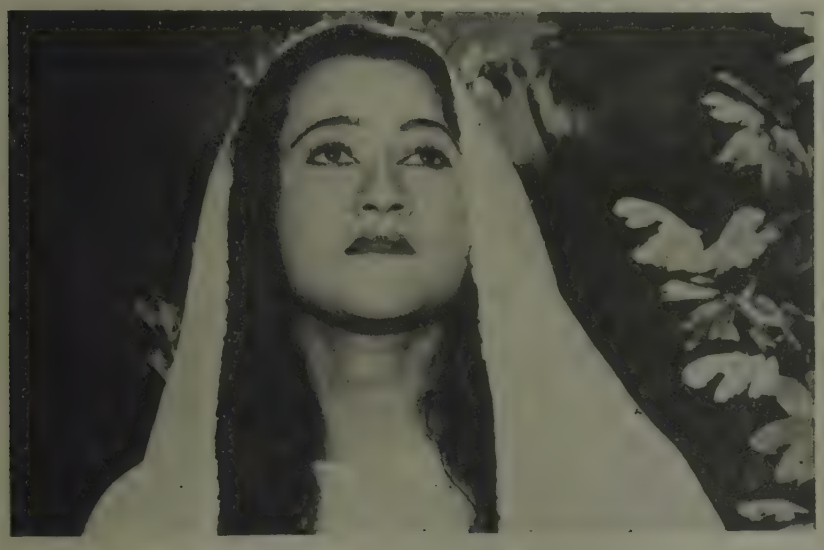
stance, who recently turned director, reportedly won't take instruction. The actresses have not been sufficiently long in the profession to cultivate a sense of discipline.

A RESPECTABLE PROFESSION

Most of the Konkani theatre's 30-odd actresses have been inducted into the acting profession through persuasion. Actor-director C. Alvares of Bombay, is credited with having brought acting for Goan women into the arena of respectability in the 1940s. Till then an actress was equated with a courtesan.

Early on, in the 1920s, a young and lissom Goan woman did appear on the stage. But hers was a **succes de scandale.** The Konkani speaking audience was either too fascinated by the first appearance of a woman on the stage, or too shocked at her temerity to protest. In the 20-year span from Carlotta's debut, men resumed female roles in Konkani drama.

Today's women artistes (many are under 30) have succumbed to the lure of the footlights through the family's association with the stage. A father or husband was already in show business. Sabina, Shalini, Mary Vaz, Ophelia, Josephine and Betty Naz are either the daughters or wives of veteran actors.



Shalini as Mary in the Konkani drama "Mother of Sorrows".

Josephine made her stage debut as a child in her father's arms.

KONKANI THEATRE HAS COME A LONG WAY SINCE THE 1920's, WHEN THE APPEARANCE OF A WOMAN ON THE STAGE FOR THE FIRST TIME CREATED A SENSATION, BUT WOMEN ARTISTES HAVE STILL TO ACQUIRE THE DISCIPLINE THAT WILL MAKE THEM SHINE.

FAME NOT MONEY

It is not a lucrative career. Fame, rather than money, is the spur to continued association with the stage. "It gives me quite a thrill to be recognised when walking down a street in Goa," admits Margao actress Christa. The girls are paid from Rs. 50 to Rs. 150 per performance; and they appear in a show or two in a town.

"What I earn, hardly keeps me in clothes or wigs," complains pretty and fashion-conscious Fatima. "Buying dresses — there are about six changes of costume in a show — makes a big hole in my purse." And then there are the discomforts of the road. "Travelling long distance between towns where we give performances is tiring. Sometimes, we arrive at a place hardly a couple of hours before a show," says Christa.

By and large, Konkani stage stars lack lustre, but they do scintillate on occasion. Sabina was suitably alert as the detective in "Koidi" where she posed as a street walker by night, the better to shadow suspects. Betty Naz gave a sensitive performance as the demented doctor in "Ekuch Rosto" (One Road). Ophelia discarded her tragic mask in "Soussar Sudorlo Pun Minis Sudrono Na" (The World Has Changed, Not So, Man). Rita Rose, as the English bride of the Hindu merchant's son in "Ekuch Rosto", gave a truly mirth-provoking performance.

MORE CHALLENGING ROLES

Konkani playwrights have not really explored women artistes' feeling for the facetious. Comedy, in Konkani drama, is a male preserve. Comedians usually indulge in a lot of muscular horseplay; and women look incongruous in such situations. C. Alvares wrote a comic part for Ophelia in a recent play. But she evoked laughter merely because she pranced on the stage, wearing an assortment of bizarre costumes.

Writer-director M. Boyer, has the potential for rescuing women artistes from the treadmill of one-dimensional roles, and Konkani theatre from its rail track monotony. His social drama, "Ekuch Rosto", delineated the female psyche with a subtlety and understanding that made the women artistes empathise with the characters. Shalini, as the seth's wife, striving to rise above a set of rigid values, gave her best performance to date in the drama.

"Konkani stage artistes have a latent talent for dramatics. That they manage to give stereotyped roles a measure of credibility is proof of this flair," writes theatre critic Orlando Gomes. Socially relevant plays, with opportunities for more versatile roles, and formal training, should make these little "stars" shine more brightly.

Myths An

IS THERE A NEED FOR PERIODIC REASSESSMENTS OF RELIGIOUS SANCTIONS AND BELIEFS WITH A VIEW TO RELATING THEM MORE DYNAMICALLY AND USEFULLY TO CHANGING SOCIAL AND ECONOMIC REALITIES?

Neera K. Sohoni

That religion may be counter-productive in a technologically progressive, modernistic society is not the premise adopted for this article. On the contrary, I take the position that religion has a potent conditioning role to play in shaping societal norms and values, as well as individual behavioural responses to the same. But we need a periodic assessment of religious sanctions and belief, with a view to relate them more dynamically and usefully to a changing social and economic reality. In the West, such a testing process has already commenced in relation to the Catholic faith for instance. In India, through successive ages, debate and discussion have been encouraged, but it has been in the realm mainly of schools of philosophy. Social validity of mythological belief has remained relatively less commented upon.

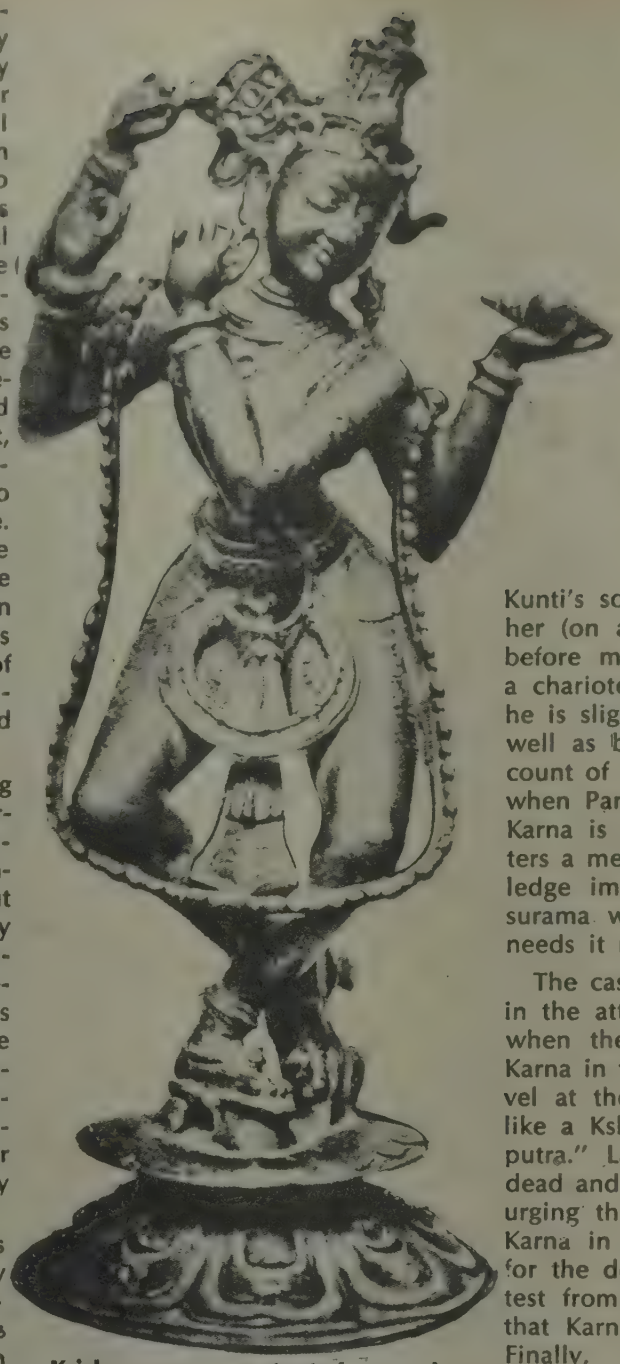
What follows is a questioning of some celebrated events, personalities, and attitudes or behavioural norms which are condoned by Hindu mythology but which, in humanistic terms, may not be justifiable or even humane. I confess that no deep research into original sources has provided the basis for these comments. The analysis has relied mostly on a reading of mythological tales as popularly presented in a series entitled "Amar Chitra Katha" and published by the Children's Book Trust.

Among the negative values that seem to be indiscriminately nurtured through our mythological stories are: unequivocal stress on caste and on varna and on fair complexion; demonstrable cruelty to children without any psychological understanding of children's needs; unashamed use of deceit or cunning to overcome the enemy; the low status assigned to women; and lastly, the unhealthy stress on a "Camelot" world which discards poverty and accepts only affluence. None of these attitudes can be healthy for a progressive society that claims to be committed to the uplift of its weaker sections and to greater freedom and equality for its citizens, irrespective of sex, age or class.

Given below are examples that substantiate the above charges.

CASTE AND VARNA PREOCCUPATION:

All our mythological heroes belong to the higher castes. Many of them are either Brahmins or Kshatriyas. Even if they are poor, as Sudama was, their Brahmin caste is clearly emphasized. Thus, "Sudama was a poor Brahmin boy" and later, "He married a poor Brahmin girl."



Krishna — perpetuated music, romance — and war.

This caste obsession emerges most brutally in the stories of Eklavya and Karna. In both cases, they are denied the benefit of training in the art of warfare (astra shastra) because of their lowly origin. As they are neither Kshatriyas nor Brahmins, they cannot claim access to the exclusive world of the higher castes. In at least one commentary on the Eklavya story, Dronacharya's brutal decision to ask for Eklavya's right thumb as "guru dakshina" is seen and justified as a conscientious attempt on his part to maintain the established division of labour in society. If a tribal child (Bhil putra), it is claimed, is allowed to break into the monopoly of the upper classes, it would, in the long run, weaken the status of the classes as well as undermine social stability.

Karna's episode is even more touching and ironic. Although Kunti's son, he is abandoned by her (on account of being born before marriage) and raised by a charioteer. As a "suta putra" he is slighted by Dronacharya as well as by Parasurama on account of his lowly origin. In fact, when Parasurama discovers that Karna is not a Brahmin, he utters a mean curse that the knowledge imparted to him by Parasurama will fail Karna when he needs it most.

The caste bias is also reflected in the attitude of the Pandavas when they individually confront Karna in the battlefield, and marvel at the fact that Karna fights like a Kshatriya and not a "suta putra." Later, when Karna lies dead and Kunti grieves over him, urging the Pandavas to include Karna in their ritualistic prayers for the departed, there is a protest from them on the ground that Karna is not of their caste. Finally, when Kunti confesses Karna's true parentage, the brothers express remorse and pray for peace to his departed soul.

CRUELTY TO CHILDREN:

The insensitive handling of young Karna and young Ekalavya can serve aptly as illustrations of cruelty to children also. But there are equally disturbing examples of the irrational cruelty dealt out to children. Luv and Kush, Sita's twin boys, are the saddest cases that come to mind. Denied their natural rights to be reared by a father (and a king at that) they are not shown any concession, because of being children, after they challenge the might of Rama by capturing the Ashvamedha horse. Later, when Rama meeting Sita, shows no compunction in rejecting the proposal to take her back, thus causing her to renounce her life, the blow inflicted on the impressionable young minds is

Shaping societal norms and values— an Indian sage.

Our Mythology

really cruel. Not only must they lose their mother, but they must also live with the trauma of a tragic mother taking a desperate course on account of their father's inflexible attitude. What is really unpalatable is that the twins agree to return with their father to his kingdom after having witnessed such a traumatic experience. This is hardly the behaviour which child psychology would allow us to imagine as advisable or even plausible. Surely, the normal reaction for normal children would have been alienation between them and their father, if not actual confrontation or retribution.

Another cruel example is Krishna's exchange (as a baby) for Yashoda's baby girl. Kamsa's sadism in killing all the earlier children of Devaki is shocking for its cruelty, but at least it is a logical manifestation of an aberrant mind. What defies understanding or justification is the hearty, unconcerned manner in which Vasudeva (Krishna's father) swaps his son for Nanda and Yashoda's daughter, knowing fully well that the latter will be dead before the night is over. Since Vasudeva had no prior intuition or heavenly instruction to do so, his act becomes even more callous and unjustifiable.

A third example is the handling of Krishna and Balarama. As kids and adolescents, they are never informed of their original parentage. All of a sudden, when they are summoned to Mathura, their parental origin is revealed to them. The abrupt tearing sensation resulting from that disclosure, apart from the traumatic shock to the two foster mothers, Yashodara and Rohini respectively, must have been horrifying for Krishna and Balarama.

DEPLOYMENT OF DECEIT AND CUNNING:

There is a strain of cunning that underlies the valour of all our mythological heroes. It is disturbing that the ethics of such deceitful acts are not questioned at least not in discourses, textbooks and most of the popular commentaries.*

Shiva as the trinity.

Among examples of this deployment of deceit to gain an unfair victory is the death of Ravana at the hands of Rama. That would possibly have not happened but for Vibhushana, Ravana's own brother, telling Rama to aim an arrow at Ravana's navel in order to kill him. That act certainly lowers Rama's prestige as a model of righteousness.

The killing of Karna at the hands of Arjuna is equally deceitful. The latter is prodded by Krishna himself to kill Karna when he is engaged in pulling the wheel of his chariot out of the mud. Some weak justification for this unfair killing is supposedly to be inferred from the earlier episode in Karna's life as a youngster when, without giving much thought to it, he had, without any provocation or justification, killed a Brahmin's cow. The owner of the cow had cursed him with a similar fate of being killed at a moment when he is helpless and defenceless.

The worst example of deceitful killing is that of Parvati's son, Gana (later to be known as Ganesha), by Shiva. That really amounts to manslaughter not by one, but by two gods together! While Vishnu engages Ganesha in a frontal battle, Shiva comes from behind and with his trident cuts off Ganesha's head. Whatever remorse Shiva felt subsequently, is not on account of having killed Ganesha by unfair means, but for having destroyed someone created by his mother Parvati. What is really disturbing is that very early in the story, Shiva decides that Ganesha's valour makes him invincible and therefore, he can only be killed by unfair means.

Lord Krishna's long sermon to Arjuna in the form of the Bhagwat Gita is perhaps intended to defend all such instances where deceit and other means have to be employed in order to uphold good over evil. But while that approach can pass for pragmatism, it cannot certainly qualify as dharma.

LOW STATUS OF WOMEN:

Another distasteful feature of Hindu mythology is the attitude towards women. Whether it is Sita or Urmila or Kunti, there is no defiance, only a sad, weak submission.

Urmila recedes into the backdrop of the great epic Ramayana. As Lakshmana decides to leave with Rama for Vanavasa, she abides silently by the decision. There is no question of her being consulted or even invited to accompany Lakshmana.

Fortunately, at least one Hindi author, Maithlisharan Gupta, has taken Urmila's helpless predicament to heart and has done a full literary work on her. But Sita's sad fate has prompted no such literary effort. Her life is toyed with by an insensitive, stubbornly principled and unreasonable spouse. He gives in weakly to the pressure of public opinion for vindicating his own sense of honour.

Thus, Sita is put through the humiliation of a purity test after she is retrieved from the clutches of Ravana. She barely returns, when Rama decides to renounce her again on the ground of responsibility to public opinion. She is allowed no defence, nor is the noble and enlightened Rama either sensitive or man enough to take her into his confidence about what he is planning for her. He leaves it to his brother to do the needful.

This is not the end of Sita's humiliation. The final blow is delivered when Rama hesitates to accept her back in the presence of her children, Valmiki and the ashramites. That breaks her endurance and she decides to give up her life. This is the tragic and desperate end of a woman idealized as the perfect wife! At no point does she resist or protest against her victimization. Her integrity is questioned, her purity is doubted, and after all her tribulations she is still not good enough for her highly principled husband! Her suicide is a typical response of the weaker sex to their low status. Instances of such responses abound in India even today.

Kunti's case is intriguing for some seeming contradictions.

Continued on page 37

* Irawati Kurve, who raises some interesting points in her "Yuganta", is an exception. See "Yuganta: the End of an Epoch", Sangam Publications, 1974, pp. 199.

Good Morning, Miss Matthews!

Malti Joshi

(Translated from the Hindi by Jai Ratan)

"Is the bus late?" Papa asked, giving a playful tap on her head.

"It's too early for the bus," Mummy, who had followed Papa to the door, said.

"She's always in a hurry. Just gulps down her breakfast and rushes to the door. And then she waits as if she is mounting guard at the door."

Papa smiled and rode off on his Luna. Mummy went back into the kitchen. Leena stuck to the door, waiting for her school bus. She knew it would take some time for the bus to come, but the sight of food brought on Leena's hunger. Another thing, after she had finished her breakfast she was absolved of her studies. Otherwise they kept dinning into her ears: "Leena, sit down and study!"

That's why she makes it a point to join Papa at breakfast. Then, her satchel hanging from her shoulder, she follows him to the door and stays put there till the bus arrives. It's fun to sit at the door and watch the world go by. Oh, how she enjoys it! If only she could explain. But no one would understand.

Exactly at ten the bus of Nehru Balmandir passes her door. The children sitting on her side of the bus recognise her and greet her.

Then comes the curd-seller, making strange noises. Leena mimics him and he laughs. Just after ten, Sharma Uncle, who lives opposite, emerges from his house. He walks upto the road and then suddenly stops and cries, "Oh, dear me! I've forgotten my specs on the table. Do you hear me? Please get me my specs." Sharma Uncle is an interesting man. He is always forgetting something. One morning it is his glasses. On another, his pen, tiffin box or something else.

Mrs. Sharma rushes out in a huff, muttering to herself and hands over to her husband the forgotten article. Leena makes it a game to guess what article it is going to be on a particular morning.

Dixit Saheb who lives next door to Sharma Uncle owns a scooter, decript enough to be sold as junk. It needs ten kicks to start. Leena counts them. While Uncle Dixit stands there, drenched in perspiration, Auntie makes Bablu raise his hand and say tata to his father. Leena finds it very amusing.

At thirty past ten, Miss Matthews steps out of her house. She is Leena's landlady. They are all scared of her. Only Leena and Papa can talk to her without feeling nervous.

"Good morning, Miss Matthews!" Leena greets her.

"Good morning, Baby. Had your breakfast?" she asks while locking her door. Leena nods her head.

"The bus hasn't come?"

"It'll come at eleven."

"Oh, I see." Miss Matthews starts climbing down the steps.

"Ta-ta, Miss Matthews!"

Miss Matthews waves to her while closing the wicker gate and then starts to go. One can hear the clack, clack of her heels on the metalled road for a long time.

That morning things were different. Dixit Uncle had to kick 19 times before the engine of his machine coughed into action. Uncle Sharma kept howling for his muffler for a long time before his wife took any notice of him. The postman and the curd-seller had long since made their round, but there was no sign of Miss Matthews.

Her patience exhausted, Leena dumped her satchel on the stairs and climbed up to Miss Matthew's door. The door was closed.

Putting her head through the iron railing of her verandah, she called, "Miss Matthews!"

"Yes, Baby!" a tired voice replied from within the room.

"Aren't you going to the office?"

"No Baby, I'm not feeling well."

Leena stood there for some time, undecided. How to ask Miss Matthews to open the door? Being unwell, she might not be up to it.

Mummy came out of her house. Where had the silly girl disappeared, dumping her satchel on the stairs?

"What are you standing there for?" she asked when she saw Leena. "I was talking to Miss Matthews. She's not well." "How many times do I have to tell you? You've again called her by her name! Call her Auntie." Mummy, she knew, would pull her up for her bad manners. But just then she heard the horn of her school bus and dashed for her satchel.

It was not for the first time that her mother had reproved her, but the word, "Auntie" never came to her lips. Carrying Bablu astride her waist, Mrs. Dixit would knock about aimlessly; or sit in the sun and knit sweaters. She liked to be called auntie and the word fitted her. But Miss Matthews was made of different stuff. She was so imposing and overbearing. The word, auntie, sounded too familiar. So Miss Matthews was ill. Leena felt bad about it. But the moment she climbed into the bus she forgot all about it. Shubhu and Sunita had held a seat for her and she plumped into it. Then Sonali took out a big slab of concentrated tamarind plup from her pocket and dividing it into equal parts, handed over one to each of them. By the time they reached the school the tamarind had disappeared down their throats.

At the school they learnt that they would be taken for an outing to the zoo and from there to Nandanvan. It was past six when Leena returned home. She was feeling so tired that she took just a bite of food and then lay down to sleep. Later when she

THE YOUNG FORGET SO EASILY, AND MISS MATTHEWS, WHO HAD GROWN FOND OF LEENA, WAS SADLY RECONCILED TO BEING FORGOTTEN

woke up for a drink of water, she found Bhaiyya still studying at the table and Papa and Mummy having a gossip session. She heard Mummy saying that she had asked Miss Matthews to write out an application for sick leave which Bhaiyya would deliver at her office and he would also bring medicine for her on his way back.

"Do you know what she said?" Mummy said.

"What did she say?"

"That she had retired from service two years ago."

"Arre, then where does she go every day?"

"I asked her the same question. She said it was a habit she had formed over the years. 'I just get ready at office time', she said. 'I don't feel like staying at home.' "

"But where does she go?"

"To the bank, or library or the hospital. Sometimes she makes it to the park and spends an hour or two there."

"Who Mummy?" Leena suddenly asked.

"Are you still awake?" Papa asked, fondling her head.

"Just tell her," Mummy complained. "She always calls her by her name. It doesn't look nice, coming from a small girl."

So they were talking about Miss Matthews. She had clean forgotten that the lady was ill. She should have called on her.

In the morning, Leena went to see her after taking her bath. The door was ajar. Perhaps Dhaniram had come to attend to the daily chores.

"Good morning, Miss Matthews!"

"Good morning, Baby," she replied in a thin voice. She was lying in bed.

"How are you feeling?"

"I'm all right, Baby. Care to have tea?"

Leena never got a chance to say no. As if emerging from nowhere, Dhaniram promptly placed two cups on the table.

"Mummy objects to my taking tea," Leena said in a faltering voice.

"Go ahead. I'll tell Mummy."

Leena felt reassured. Then she said, "Mummy gets angry if I call you by your name. She tells me to call you Auntie."

"Auntie? No, call me granny."

"What's granny?"

"Granny means grand-mother. Mother's mother."

"Oh, no, a grand-mother is always old." Leena made a face. "She spends all her time telling her beads."

"I'm also old. I've God's name on my lips all the time."

Miss Matthews took out her rosary from her pocket. She kissed it, touched it to her eyes and again returned it to her pocket. Yes, she looked old, Leena

thought, but she was in no mind to call her granny. There was no affinity between Miss Matthews and grannies who went about whining in soiled crumpled saris. Besides, did anybody say good morning to a granny?

"Leena!" Mummy was calling out to her from the backyard. "Where has the girl disappeared to leaving her room in a mess?" she complained. Leena got up to go.

"Mummy is calling me," she said. "I must go. You must get well soon. eh?" Leena gave a toss to her curly hair and lifted her tiny hand. "Good morning!" and ran towards her house.

"Sweet child!" Miss Matthews smiled and closed her eyes.

Dhaniram was cleaning her room and would not let her sleep. "See how much junk this girl has collected," he said. "When her mother objects she comes and dumps it here. I'll throw it away tomorrow."

"Oh no, you'll do nothing of the sort. They are the child's toys. She plays with them."

"What toys? Discarded tins, empty cigarette cartons, peacock feathers — do you call them toys?"

"Leave me alone, "Miss Matthews said in a weak voice, waving him away.

Dhaniram went away muttering to himself. Though a simple soul, his mistress was mercurial by nature, given to quick bursts of anger. While in service with Solomon & Laurels she had been a terror, to her subordinate staff and they **quailed** at her sight. Even the Manager used to talk to her with respect. Discipline, upright behaviour and promptness — she was a great stickler for these. As for the female staff, she always drove them hard. A small error and she would jump at their throats.

She had put all her savings into the small house she lived in and had rented out a portion of it but she was very choosy about her tenants. She preferred those who were liable to quick transfers so that they did not get entrenched in her house for good. And they must have a small family, not a swarm of children. And they must be quiet, sober and peace loving.

* * *

The Tandons had come to live here four months ago. They had only two children and Mr. Tandon was a Central Government employee liable to frequent transfers. Miss Matthews couldn't have asked for anything better. They never gave her a chance to complain.

Soon after the Tandons' arrival, one morning Miss Matthews was doing some gardening in the open space in front of her house where she had planted some shrubs and put some flower pots. The tenants had another part of the garden for themselves.

Miss Matthews heard a thin voice from behind. "Please, listen. . ."

She turned round and saw the small daughter of the Tandons standing there holding a plant pulled out with its roots.

"Could you please plant this in your garden?" the girl asked in a small voice. "My friend gave it to me. It grows blue flowers. So big." She indicated the size by holding out her small palm. Then sensing Miss Matthew's predicament she added, "Papa and Bhaiyya will get our plot ready next Sunday and I'll transfer the plant there. Till then please let it stay here. I'll come and water it every day."

Miss Matthews did not have the heart to refuse. She planted the shrub in the vacant piece of land near her rose bushes. The girl attended to the plant for a day or two then seemed to have forgotten its very existence and Miss Matthews had to tend it herself.

One day Miss Matthews saw a smooth black rock lying under the shade of a plant with two flowers resting upon it.

"What's going on here?" Miss Matthews asked Leena who was standing before the plant with folded hands and eyes closed as if in prayer.

"This is Lord Shankar," Leena replied, opening her eyes. "We had gone to Onkareshwar the other day and brought it from there. If one worships it one never gets tripped in one's examinations."

"Then worship it in your own house," Miss Matthews said. "Why put God in this jungle?"

"Bhaiyya makes fun of me," Leena explained. "And if I cry Mummy comes down upon both of us. Bhaiyya is afraid of you. He dare not tinker with the things in your garden." The last piece of information she doled out in a hushed conspiratorial tone.

One morning Miss Matthews had the image of Lord Shiva shifted from the garden and had it installed in an alcove in the verandah. Maybe she was won over by the child's ardent devotion. After taking her bath, Leena would appear in the verandah, place a few flowers on the image, mumble a few words under her breath and go away. Miss Matthews would watch her fascinated.

This devotion however lasted only a few days. After that, Lord Shanker was denied a glimpse of his devotee. The stale flowers lay on the image for many days and then Dhaniram threw them away.

A friend of Leena gave her a coloured picture of Rajesh Khanna cut out from calendar. For fear of it being "looted" by Bhaiyya, she decided to keep it with Miss Matthews. Miss Matthews gave Rajesh Khanna the pride of place under the glass top of her table to please Leena and he was still there.

Leena had a lot of friends and every day there was an extensive give-and-take between them. These girls had a huge collection of quaint odds and ends which

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GOOD MORNING MISS MATTHEWS!

were gradually finding their way into Miss Matthews' house because Bhaiyya was always on the look out to pilfer them and Mummy ready to throw them out. Miss Matthews had given Leena an empty shoe box in which she had amassed her collection, only to be pried into when Leena struck a bargain with a friend. Her precious collection was nothing short of junk to Dhaniram, but he could not throw them away.

Miss Matthews was getting more and more entangled with Leena's affairs. One evening Miss Matthews was lying in the verandah, fearing an onset of fever, which made her look exhausted, when Leena approached her. "Good morning, Miss Matthews!" she greeted her.

"Good evening. Are you coming back from school?"

"No, I've been to a friend of mine. Do you mind closing your eyes for a minute? I'll give you a surprise."

But before Miss Matthews could close her eyes, that "surprise", a fluffy ball of wool, fell into her lap. "Miau!"

"Oh, how lovely!"

"A friend of mine gave it to me. Her cat has had a litter. There are four beautiful kittens. This one is the most beautiful of them all," Leena said with pride.

"How many friends have you got?"

"Many. A heapful of them. Miss Matthews, will you suggest a name for my kitten? A nice one. Not Pussy, anyway. They have a Pussy in every home."

Miss Matthews stroked the kitten's soft, fluffy back. Then the name came to her in a flash. "Call her 'Silky'," she said. "You know silk, don't you?"

Leena nodded her head in approval. She liked the name.

"Miss Matthews, please keep her with you for a few days," she said dropping her voice to a whisper. "Mummy is annoyed and Bhaiyya says he will throw her into the well." Leena's voice was shaking.

Miss Matthews was silent. She didn't know what answer to make.

"If she soils the place I'll come and clean it up," Leena promised, looking very wise like grownups. "She's very small, you know. But she'll learn."

After feeding the kitten with milk, which she had brought with her in a small bowl, Leena wrapped up the kitten in a frock and deposited her on a **murha.** Promising to come again in the morning she disappeared into the darkness.

True to her promise, she came in the morning but this time her usual greeting, "Good morning, Miss Matthews," was conspicuously missing. After giving milk to the kitten, she washed the frock and put it out to dry. This time she had also brought a small piece of woollen torn off a discarded blanket. She would come morning and evening and promptly go away after completing her self-imposed task. It was evident she was doing all this on the sly — keeping it a secret from her Mummy and Bhaiyya.

One day Miss Matthews had to go the hospital for a check-up. She was about to lock the door when she was startled by a "miau!"

Oh, yes, she was forgetting! With no one to keep an eye on the kitten it could do harm to itself if kept confined to the house for two hours. She had no experience of keeping pets and was in a fix as to what to do with the kitten. So she she picked it up and knocked on Mrs. Tandon's door. "Mrs. Tandon, would you mind keeping an eye on this kitten? I've to go out for a while."

Mrs. Tandon was sitting at the table knitting a sweater. She got up in confusion and eyed the kitten.

"Oh my!" she exclaimed. I are sure my wretched girl dumped this kitten on you. She's always up to some trick or the other. Once she brought a parrot with her. Next it's a rabbit. Then che asks for a puppy or a kitten. Just think of it. In these hard times when one finds it difficult to feed one's own family how can one feed extra mouths?"

Miss Matthews did not know how to stop Mrs. Tandon's torrent of words until she stopped of her own accord, allowing time for breath and then added: "Don't worry, Miss Matthews, I'll tell Bharat. He'll put her in a bag and leave her in some isolated spot."

"Oh, no, you're going to do nothing of the sort," Miss Matthews said thoroughly alarmed. "I've kept her. She's my pet."

The mere thought of putting the kitten in a bag gave her the creeps. She decided to leave the kitten in her house.

In the evening, when Leena came with the milk, it occurred to Miss Matthews that the child was saving from her own share of milk to feed the kitten. "Baby, I've got extra milk for Silky," she said. You need not bring milk for her. I'll feed her myself."

Miss Matthews feared that Leena would feel disappointed, but she was pleased to see an extra bounce in her steps as she descended the stairs. Evidently, she was feeling relieved. For a small child like her, it was nothing short of an ordeal to look after the kitten and now Miss Matthews had taken the responsibility upon herself. Silky had become a part of her household.

• • •

Mr. Tandon used to call on Miss Matthews on the 5th of every month to pay the rent. This time when he met her he said he had come with some bad news. "We're going to miss you," he said.

"Why?"

"I've been transferred to Delhi."

"Arre! So soon?"

"That's the whole troubie. They are so inconsiderate. The children's education will suffer and I'll again have to break up my home. But they are transferring me on promotion; otherwise, I would have straightaway refused. Leena has become so fond of you."

Mr. Tandon went away after saying a few nice words, but Miss Matthews kept standing there, holding the money in her hand. Suddenly she felt very tired.

Leena was on the other hand greatly excited.

"Miss Matthews, do you know we shall soon be going away to Delhi?" she asked.

"Yes, I know."

"You know, Delhi is a big city. You just can't imagine, how big. It has two airports and doubledeckers ply on its roads. There s also the Qutab Minar there. We have a picture of it in our Geography book." It seemed to her

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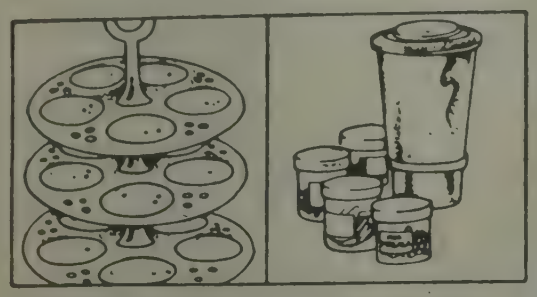

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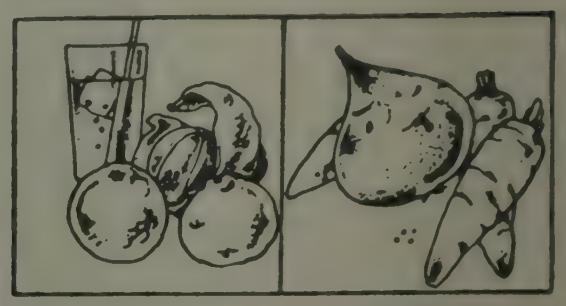

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MOUSHUMI: is the heroine only a clothes-horse?

Suchita Mazumdar

She came. She went on screen and she conquered. Bombay loved Moushumi. There is not a critic who has had a bad word for the actress that Moushumi is; there are very few cinema goers who do not love her. Yet Moushumi is unhappy.

"There is not a single role I've had with which I have been totally happy," she says. Later she relents: "I'd say I had good roles in 'Balika Bodhu' (Bengali), 'Roti Kapada Aur Makaan', and 'Anuraag' and I played well too. But such roles are rare, a little too rare. What we need in the industry are a few more heroine-oriented films, or at least a role for the heroine so that her existence in the film is justified, necessary for the film itself. So that she is not just a clothes-horse or crowd-drawer or something other than an actress. Heroines are placed in films mainly for their song and dance routines or make-up. . ."

She finds the present star worship disgusting, the scripts "story-less", the roles, male-oriented. Why have a heroine at all?

The entire film industry is characterised by this worship of appearances. "Of course, the roles given to heroes are also not often deep. They are as much either clothes-horses or, where heroines are like statues to be dressed, these male stars are statues to be brought to life for violence or whatever. . . but don't think I am for 'relevant' films. I don't very much like," she pointed emphatically, "such films. Good entertainment films like 'Junglee', 'Chalti Ka Naam Gaadi', etc — these are not 'relevant' in the same sense as modern day 'relevant' films are, but what good entertaining stories they had!

"Much of what is wrong with today's films is that they are not like the films of old."

Cryptically expressed. But what Moushumi means is that the stories are "story-less, they fall flat; the directors, except for the veterans, look more often than not to the to-be-directed for direction.

"See 'Anarkali', 'Mother India', any of Geeta Bali's films, Madhubala's and almost all the old films, and you will remember them for years. . . Who remembers today's films? Hear any one of those old songs and you will be humming it for at least some time and today's film songs! Old films are seen often only for the songs.

"Looks counted then. Beauty is important. I know I have little dracula teeth myself, but faces are allowed today that would never have passed in the old days. See, Geeta Bali wasn't beautiful really, but she had something. . . a charm that is something more than beauty. . .

"Directors were the directors those days. Nowadays the new ones tell the stars, 'you are the actors, what can we tell you about how to act?' There were no 'stars' those days. I find the present star worship disgusting. Today the stars are even more important than the directors, not the veteran directors of course."

Moushumi herself has been luckier than most heroines. Not only did she win the adulation of all immediately she started her screen career, she never had to play the "clothes-horse" role. From the "Balika Bodhu" days to "Swarag Narak" and "Gautam Govinda" she has had good, simple roles, heroines with character and essential to the story.

This is partly due to the fact that she has always been quite discriminating about the roles she accepts. "I have never really been a career girl — and more so now that I have Payal. And there is a limit to the importance of and need for money. So now I am becoming even more choosey about the roles I take up... I don't even mind giving up films altogether if I am not offered the kind of roles I like, roles that make the heroine important to the story."

She is at present working in two Bengali films apart from a few Hindi ones — "Chondi Bou" and another film with Uttam Kumar and Supriya (Bengali) and "Love in Canada," "Do Premi" and "Ghar Ki Laaj" (Hindi).

"They are good roles and I am working for directors I've always wanted to work with..."

Yet Moushumi says she would always prefer to work in Madras and Calcutta than to working in Bombay. "There is little pre-shooting preparation here."

But most of all, she would have preferred to have been born 40/50 years earlier and acted in the old films.

Photograph : Girish Shukla

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A PSYCHOLOGICAL APPROACH TO ASTROLOGY

K. N. SARASWATHY

Her visiting card reads thus : Jyowtisha Kalanidhi Dr. (Mrs.) K. N. Saraswathy, B.A., M.Ed., Litt.D. Specialist in Astrology, A.I.A.A. (India), B.A.A. (U.K.). P.R.F. (U.S.A.), M.A.F.A. (U.S.A.), I.S.A.R.

K. N. Saraswathy, daughter and disciple of the late Pandit Kadalangudi Natesa Sastrigal, a great authority on astrology and author of several rare books in Sanskrit, is a well known figure both in and outside India. The only Indian woman astrology specialist, she calls her

services "planeto-psychic guidance and counselling" combining the traditional and modern methods of astrology, astronomy, psychology and subjects akin to them. To her, astrology is the science of all sciences and a well-developed, advanced subject based on rational, scientific foundations.

After studying in the Ramakrishna Mission Sarada Vidyalaya, she graduated in Mathematics with specialisation in astronomy and projective geometry from the Women's Christian College, Madras. Thereafter, Mrs. Saraswathy, secured the B.Ed. degree from the Gandhigram Teachers' College, and the Master's degree in Advanced Educational Psychology from the Madras University. She taught for sometime in the Madras Vidyodaya Girls' High School, besides being the treasurer in its administration committee.

As her father had no sons, he bequeathed to her his expertise and experience in predictive astrology. Apart from taking Sanskrit as her language in college, she studied the shastras in Sanskrit under her erudite father's guidance and memorised formulae and axioms contained in ancient Sanskrit literature on astrology. This helped her to have a strong foundation and firm grasp on the subject to which she has, by her diligence, devotion and dedication, added her long experience over the years. She has been practising astrology for the past 28 years. The initial 11 years were with her illustrious father.

Did she choose this line of profession because her father was so pre-eminent in astrology or because she liked it?

"I had a liking definitely. Without aptitude, no one can learn anything!" she said. Apart from the family background and her father's encouragement, she had a penchant for astrology.

From the beginning, people liked her straightforward, accurate predictions. Over the years she has acquired a large clientele which has reposed complete confidence in her predictive powers. As such she has carved a well-deserved niche in this field.

As 1979 is her father's centenary year, she has started bringing out in English all her father's writings which are in Tamil now. They are in two series, the first one containing five books and the second 12.

Does Mrs. Saraswathy face problems in her profession because of her sex? Any sort of occupational hazards?

None.

As she is methodical and systematic, she manages both her domestic chores and professional work without any strain. She has the ability to manage everything skilfully.

Mrs. Saraswathy is the founder-director of the Kadalangudi Astrological Research Centre, established to commemorate her illustrious father. The first project, the publication of her father's writings, is in full swing. She has collected valuable horoscopic data and proposes to publish her research findings based on them in the near future. She conducts a free horoscope bureau for prospective brides and grooms. She also gives forecasts in the popular Tamil women's monthly magazine "Mangai".

She has plans to establish a school of astrology where both the Western and Indian systems will be systematically and scientifically taught. She has already conducted workshops on astrology in India. She wants astrology to be included as a subject in the university curricula.

What does she feel about palmistry, numerology and phrenology (study of the formation of the skull and face as indicative of mental faculties and character traits) and grapho-analysis (the study of character and personality traits of individuals based on their handwriting)? She thinks they are all related in one way or the other. After completing all the projects she has in hand now, she proposes to do a comparative study and research correlating astrology, numerology, palmistry and grapho-analysis.

Computers have come into use for match making in foreign countries. But here we check up horoscopes in the conventional way and marriages are arranged largely by matching horoscopes. Can we employ computers for casting horoscopes and making predictions? How far will they be reliable? She is of the opinion that computers can be used for all horoscope calculations provided they are fed the correct data.

What's her view about the many charlatans in the predictive professions? Should there be a licensing system to check their proliferation and to prevent gullible people from being cheated and exploited? "It is a must!" she replied emphatically. "In the U.S.A. only qualified and genuine astrologers are allowed to practise. In India too we must have this." For this to fructify, she said, all the genuine astrologers should press the Government for action.

Her record in other fields too are as impressive as those in astrology. She was a member of the School Improvement Conference Committee, Madras, and a member of the advisory committee of the Government Girls' High School Parent-Teacher Association. She was a director of a house building society ,and a director of the T. Nagar Women's Society. She also participated in the seminar on non-formal education, on the role of women in education, besides editing the souvenir for the International Women's Year. At present, she is the vice-president of the Akhil Bharat Jothir Vignan Parishad, vice-president of the all-India Astrological Association and president of the Tamil Nadu Chapter and an associate member of the American Federation of Astrologers, and director and national vice-president of the International Society for Astrological Research.

What are her hobbies? She likes to cook exotic recipes besides performing puja in her well designed puja mandap. She is adept in interior decoration too, which is reflected in her own house. Married to Prof. Ardhanareeswaran, who is the Head of the Department of English at the Madras Guru Nanak College, Mrs. Saraswathy has a son aged 18 years who studies in a city college.

Malavika

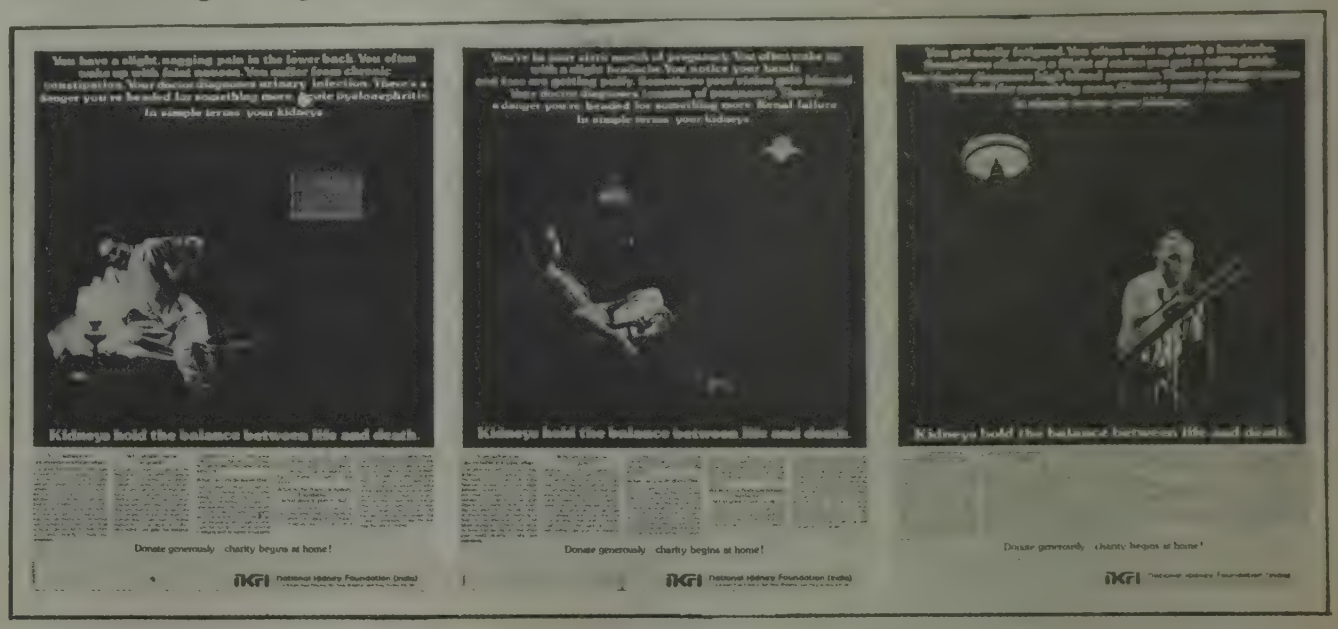
COMMERCIAL ART: not just for art's sake

If you were on a crowded railway platform how would you get noticed? Hold up a placard? Stand apart from the rest? Start a fight? Or, say you are at a party and dying to meet a certain someone but the hostess isn't doing her mostest to oblige? "Accidentally" spilling your drink on him with a flurry of breathless apologies is still not a bad way to go about it. Neither is ultimately catching the waiter's eye by starting to walk out of a restaurant without paying the bill.

Advertising is a similar syndrome. But you don't stop at being noticed. You have to be remembered and acted upon as well. And that means Big Business and it can take all the talent and ingenuity you can give it.

The artist in the commercial world works not just for art's, or even heart's, sake. His canvas is defined by precise marketing needs. This does not limit creativity; in fact, it adds to the challenge. After all, it's rules that make a game more exciting. Imagine, as someone said, playing tennis with the net down. A free-for-all is strictly for amateurs.

The essenial difference between "fine" and "commercial" art (though who says the terms aren't interchangeable?) is one of purpose. The commercial artist must communicate something; his artitsry is a tool to-


Kidneys hold the balance between life and death.
Donate generously charity begins at home!
NKF
Kidneys hold the balance between life and death.
Donate generously charity begins at home!
NKF
Kidneys hold the balance between life and death.
Donate generously charity begins at home!
NKF

1

2

3

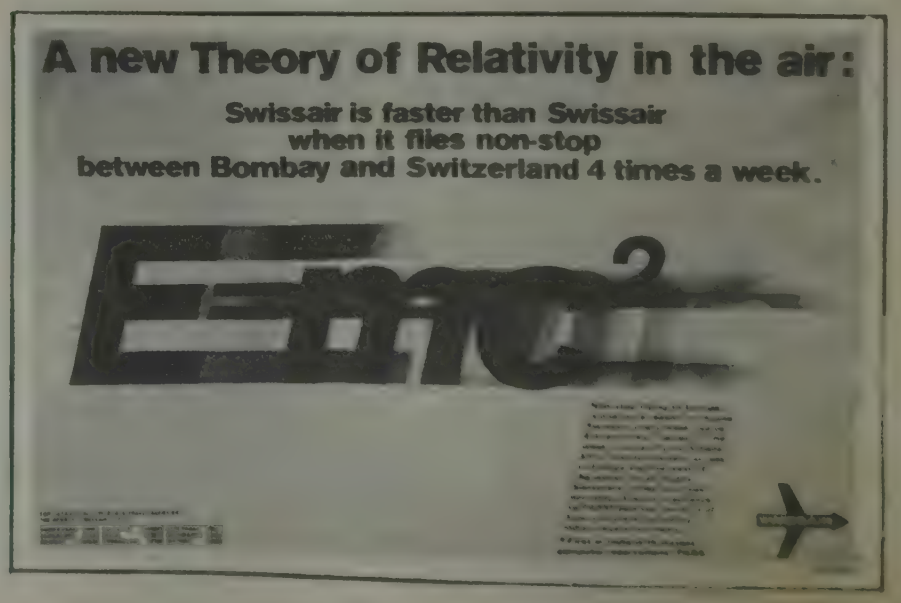
1 ADVERTISING CAMPAIGN OF THE YEAR
Silver Medal: Dazzal Advertising — Kidney Foundation

2 BEST POSTER
Bronze Medal: Sistas P. Ltd. — HMT Watches

3 BEST CALENDAR PHOTOGRAPHS
Silver Medal: Kishore Parekh Associates — Gwalior Rayon

4 BEST TYPOGRAPHIC PRESS ADVERTISEMENT
General
Silver Medal: Everest Advertising P. Ltd. — Swissair

5 BEST POSTER
Silver Medal: Air India Studio — Air India (London)


A new Theory of Relativity in the air:
Swissair is faster than Swissair
when it flies non-stop
between Bombay and Switzerland 4 times a week.
Emc²

4

Copywriters (writers of advertising copy) and visualisers (commercial artists) are the ideas men in this game. Great advertising must start with a big idea — which is not the same as a clever slogan or a striking picture. The girl in the waterfall is the idea that sold Liril — and there could be a hundred pictures to express the mood or a hundred different ways to say "Come alive with freshness". (Try writing them, though. You'll find the simpler it looks, the more difficult it is.) "The beauty soap of the filmstars" is another of those perennial ideas. You may use a picture of Zeenat today or Raakhee tomorrow, but what's important is the central concept of using filmstars to add an invisible ingredient to your product—glamour.

Having arrived at the idea, the advertising agency as a whole — not just the creative people — must get the maximum impact from it. That means a team of professionals going into action — photographers, models, film-makers, musicians, singers. Then there are the behind-the-scenes experts like the print and production people who make sure the advertisement reproduces as it's meant to, and media planners who work out schedules and book space so the campaign breaks at the right time, and so on. It's like a well-orchestrated concert ... the total being the sum of many different parts in which the commercial artist is certainly key.

Some people still consider "commercial" a bad word, but "artist" a good one. And "commercial artist"? Perhaps, a dirty word. Imagine selling your soul to promote a soap! But there are worse, and I'd say less exciting and challenging, ways to make a living!

5

6 BEST PACKAGING

Silver Medal: Communica Corporate Communications — Winofit

7 BEST OUTDOOR ADVERTISEMENT

Silver Medal: Rediffusion Advertising — Jenson & Nicholson

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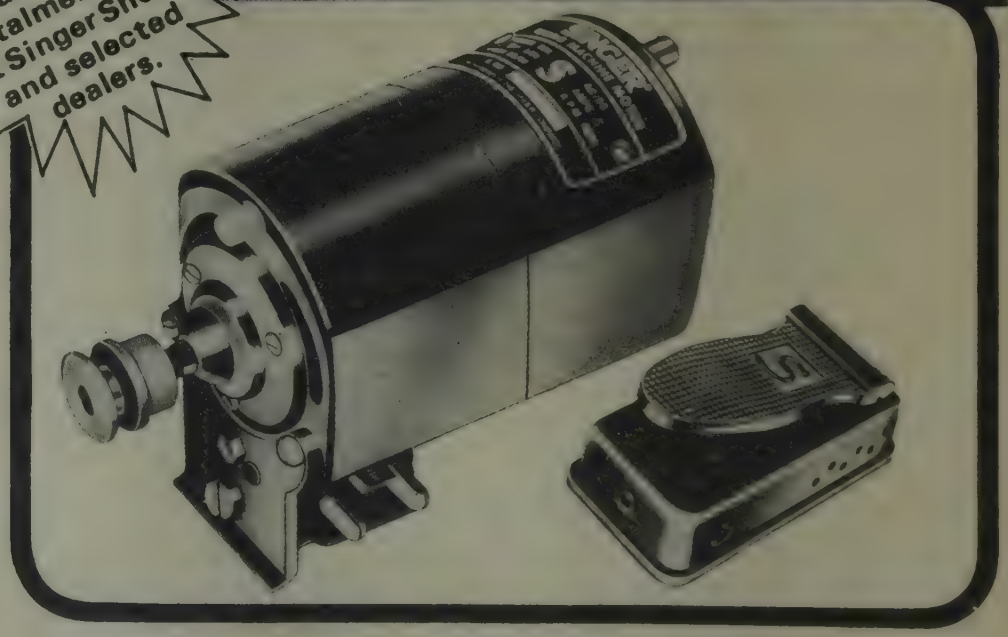
wards this end. He might stop you or shock you. Intrigue you by concealing more than he reveals. Charm you with a little humour and whimsy. Challenge you. Anger you. Whatever he does, he must get a reaction. Even a negative response is better than no response at all. Viewed this way, commercial art encompasses not just pictures.

Whenever you see colour, think of us.
EXIT
Jenson & Nicholson (India) Ltd.
Whenever you see colour, think of us.
Jenson & Nicholson (India) Ltd.
Whenever you see colour, think of us.
Jenson & Nicholson (India) Ltd.
Whenever you see colour, think of us.
Jenson & Nicholson (India) Ltd.

7

NOW Effortless Sewing with a SINGER* Motor Set

Available on an attractive, easy instalment plan at Singer Shops and selected dealers.



The Singer Motor Set eliminates the strain and puts the fun back in!

It leaves both hands free to guide the fabric and concentrate on high quality sewing.

Even an expectant mother will find sewing with a Singer Motor Set completely safe and totally free of any strain or effort.

The Motor has a special speed regulator to give you absolute control and comfort. Slow or fast according to your needs.

What's more, this Motor Set can be used with all brands of sewing machines.

Contact the nearest Singer Shop or authorised dealer for a free demonstration.

It's no secret.
We taught the world to sew.

SINGER

Singer Sewing Machine Company 207 D.N Road, Bombay 400 001

*A Trademark of The Singer Company

mda SSM 81R

BEAUTY

YOGASANAS FOR WORKING WOMEN

G. N. Rao

While the affluent can afford all the luxuries and comforts of life, the weaker sections of our society are subjected to a lot of stress and strain of the daily grind. In any large city, the life of a working woman is extremely hectic and she has to deal with innumerable problems. And the problems are ever on the increase — water shortage, rising prices, overcrowded trains and serpentine bus queues. All these contribute to a feeling of insecurity and anxiety and lead to a sort of neurosis. They also result in ailments like hypertension, insomnia, backache, obesty, etc. which doctors term as psychosomatic diseases. Modern medicines — especially tranquillizers and and pain-killers — give temporary relief. But if continued for a long period, they produce many side effects which are sometimes worse than the original disease.

Given here are some simple asanas which can be practised by everyone. Those suffering from hypertension should not practise any vigorous exercises.

It is also wrong to expect immediate relief from yogasanas. It may take some time, and even after one finds considerable relief, one has to continue practising it regularly with a bit of control on diet, and regular habits. It is a discipline, and, ideally, a way of life, not an immediate remedy.

Emotional ups and downs, stress and anxiety are among the chief causes of hypertension. Palpitation, giddiness, insomnia are generally attributed to it.

SHAVASANA

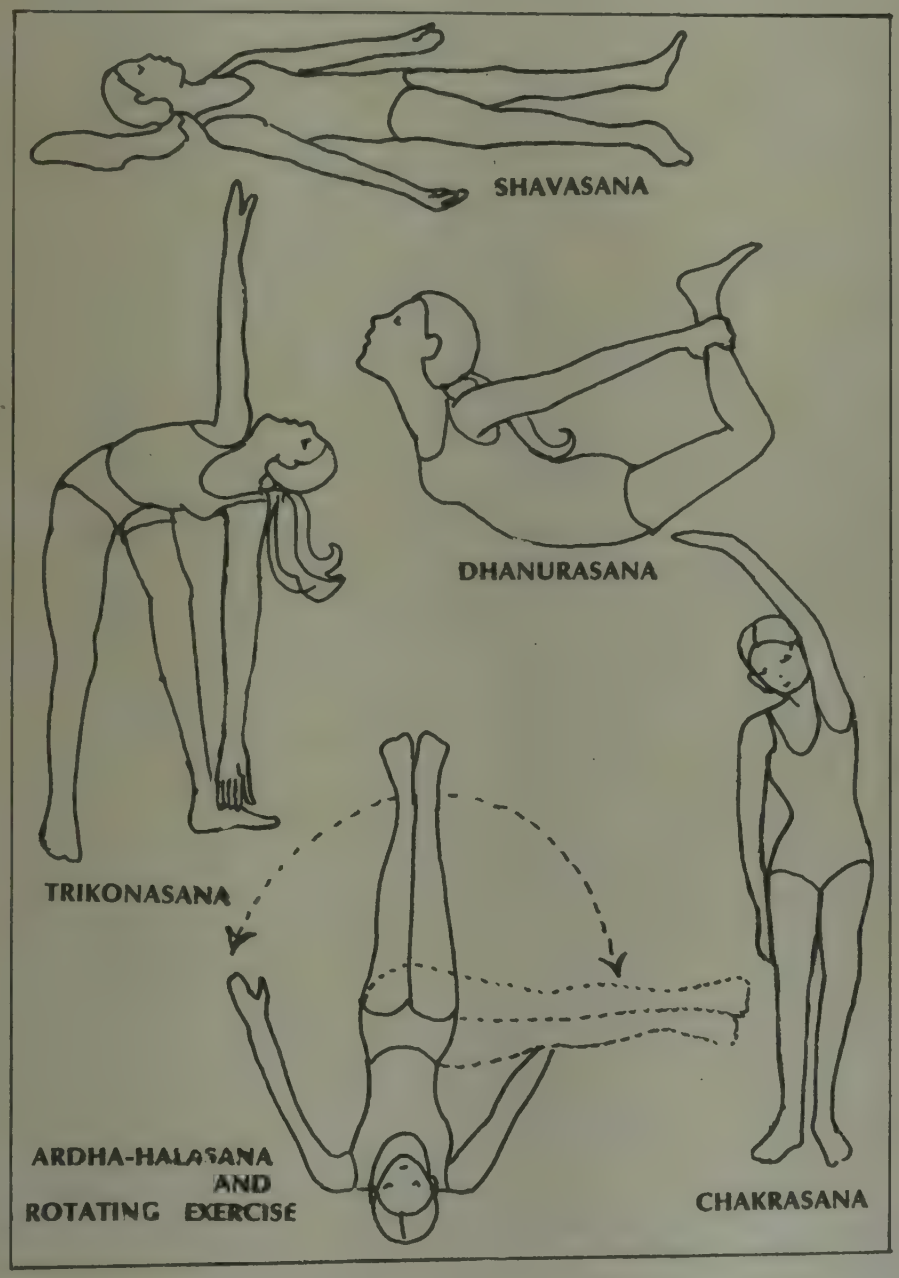
For those suffering from hypertension, shavasana is specially recommended — it is easy to perform. Lie supine, legs straight and apart, hands at the sides of the body. Avoid all tension and let the body as well as the mind relax. It is important that your breathing should be regular and even, deep and slow. This induces relaxation. Shavasana can be done by anyone whenever one is tired or exhausted.

Shavasana should be done for about 15 to 20 minutes twice a day. Done regularly this asana makes the muscles function better. The nervous system is also toned up, which leads to considerable increase in mental energy. This asana can be done at the end of all asanas or in between asanas too. Along with the practice of shavasana those suffering from hypertension should refrain from foods containing excessive salt and fat.

Obesity is dangerous as it leads to hypertension, heart attacks, diabetes, etc. Weight can be reduced by cutting caloric intake and or by increasing physical exercise or a combination of both.

Excessive eating, specially starchy foods and sweets, overdose of alcoholic drinks, a sedentary life and lack of proper exercise are the main causes of obesity.

Given here are some effective asanas.



ARDHA-HALASANA AND ROTATING EXERCISE

Lie supine on the floor on your back with hands stretched along the body. Slowly raise both legs simultaneously making an angle of 30 degrees, then 45 degrees and then 60 degrees. This is ardha-halasana. Rotate legs slowly clock-wise, then anti-clock-wise, about 3 to 5 times. This reduces the fat at the abdomen and hips considerably.

TRIKONASANA

Stand erect with legs about two feet apart, hands raised at shoulder level. Slowly turn to the left, with hands stretched sideways, and try to touch the left big toe with the middle finger of the right hand, stretching the left hand upwards, with fingers pointing towards the ceiling. Don't bend legs. Maintain this position for a few seconds. Repeat the same with the left hand. Repeat three to five times. This loosens the muscles of the loin and improves the waistline.

Ninety per cent of working women complain of backache, pain in the neck, etc. This is due to commuting long distances in overcrowded trains and buses. To aggravate matters, much of the house work and/or office work is done by remaining in the same position for long hours. As if this is not enough, ultra-modern furniture and foam mattresses affect the spine adversely. The following asanas are helpful for relieving backache.

DHANURASANA

Lie on your abdomen with chin resting on the floor and arms placed alongside the body. Raise your head. Bend legs at the knee and hold the ankles. Raise the chest backwards and pull the ankles upwards resting the whole body on the abdomen.

This Asana, a fine combination of bhujangasana and shalabhasana, stretches the body and tones up the spine and the visceral system. It is also recommended for backache and flatulence.

CHAKRASANA

Stand erect with feet together and hands stretched sideways at shoulder level. Raise your left arm slowly till it touches the left side of your head, keeping left arm straight, and gradually move it and the head sideways to the right. Bend as far as possible without strain. As you do so, slide your right arm down your right leg as far as you can. Hold the position for five to 10 seconds. Then return to the original position and repeat with the right hand. Do three to five times. This is an excellent exercise for the lateral part. People of all ages can do these asanas. They can be done either in the morning or in the evening. There should be a half-hour gap after tea or coffee, and after a heavy meal about four to five hours. One can eat within 15 to 20 minutes after doing the asanas.

They should be practised slowly without any jerky movement, maintaining the normal breathing pattern.

All physical exercises should be suspended during the monthly period and any illness.

A daily routine of 20 to 25 minutes of yogasanas can relieve many of your minor chronic ailments and make you feel more energetic, fresh and light.

SAREE SYMPHONY

Dinoo Vacha

SUPER NEW WAYS TO EMBROIDE YOUR SAREES! ALL ON ORGANZA WITH LEAVES AND FLOWERS APPL QUED IN SHADED FABRIC AND OUT LINED IN THIN ZARI. TRIM OFF TH FABRIC FROM THE WRONG SIDE FO A MORE FINISHED LOOK!

1. A plain saree with a back interest a large floral spray cascades down from the shoulder. Similar motif repea on the choli sleeve.

2. A figure-hugging spray that curve gently around you, giving a very slim appearance.

3. Large flowers from an unusual semi-circular border. Shimmer the centres with colourful sequins.

2
3
dino

THE STORY SO FAR. . . .

ONE: Bret Nelson, thirty-four, a tall New Zealander currently in Britain on a short business trip, meets Clementina O'Gorman (Clem), at the wedding of a common friend. A courtship ensues during which he tells her about his family back home — parents, his brothers Ken, Carl and Thad and a sister Nicola. She confesses she is the orphan daughter of an Irish feudal lord who eloped with a nursemaid, thus severing all connections with the aristocratic household. Bret asks her to accompany him to New Zealand, but she is insulted at the audacity of the "proposition."

TWO: Bret explains it is a proposal. Clem however, is not sure of her feelings, but agrees after persuasion to a "trial engagement" at the end of which she will have the option to either accept or refuse him. It is arranged that she stay for six months with his parents at their suburban farm house, where Bret makes week-end trips from Auckland where he works. In New Zealand, Clem meets Nicola and her husband, Owen Page, Bret's brothers Ken, Thad and Carl. She is wearing the ring that Bret has given her for propriety's sake, though in this case it doesn't mean "Quite the usual thing".

NOW READ ON ...

There was little opportunity for Bret and Clem to be alone that week-end. The three brothers went off in the afternoon to help their father dispose of some unwanted trees in some far corner of the farm, and after the evening meal, they all listened to records. On Sunday morning they all went to church. They had hardly arrived back at the house, when Ken arrived with his wife and their small daughter, a year-old baby. Elaine was a pretty young woman with a lovely smile. Her daughter Sara had inherited her mother's smile and blond hair, yet her little face distinctly resembled Ken's. She also had in plenty what Clem was beginning to think of as "the Nelson charm."

Clem liked Elaine. She had a quality of serenity about her that seemed somewhat restful after some time spent in the company of the Nelson family. While Carl and Ken had not quite the dynamic quality that surrounded Bret and Thad, there was about the whole family a kind of confident solidarity, and the quieter members seemed to become less so, as the week-end wore on.

Owen and Nicola arrived late.

"Guess what?" Nicola said, "We're pregnant." Her mother was already on her feet hugging her and her entire family followed, gathering round with hearty kisses and congratulations, slapping Owen's back and embracing their petite sister. By the week's end the noisy family gathering was over and Clem found herself all alone with the old couple.

Clem had got into the habit of helping Mrs. Nelson around the house in the morning. So she was not too bored. They worked well together and household tasks, Mrs. Nelson said, were more pleasant when there was someone else to share them and talk to.

PART THREE

My Darling Clementina

Daphne Clair

"My Darling Clementina" was originally published by Mills and Boon Ltd., London (c) Daphne Clair Australian copyright 1978.

On Tuesday afternoon Mrs. Nelson had a meeting to attend in Aputa. Clem went with her.

"It's the Women's Division of the Federation Farmers' Association," Mrs. Nelson explained. Although most of those attending the meeting were middle-aged, there was a sprinkling of younger women and Mrs. Nelson made a point of introducing some of them to Clem. One particularly lively young woman called Beth Strange was very friendly.

"We're having a party next Saturday night," she told them. "You must bring Clem along, Mrs. Nelson. It's partly to celebrate our fifth wedding anniversary and partly for my sister's homecoming."

"Vanessa's home?" asked Mrs. Nelson.

"Yes. Hadn't you heard?" Beth turned to Clem. "My sister Vanessa has been working in Australia for the past two years. My father has been rather ill and she's come home to help my mother out, as I have three little children and can't do a lot of work."

"We expect Bret will be home at the week-end," Mrs. Nelson told her.

"Fine!" Beth smiled. "Bring him along too. The more the merrier!"

"We'll tell him," said Mrs. Nelson. "If he has made no other plans, I'm sure he'll be delighted to come to your party."

"She seems nice," Clem commented, when Beth had moved away to speak to another woman.

"Yes, Beth is a very nice, uncomplicated girl. Vanessa was always the troublesome one, but it seems she's going to settle now, by the sound of things. She must have some sense of responsibility to come home and help nurse her father. Poor old Bill Morris has had a nasty time and his wife has never been strong. She'll need help."

* * *

When Bret came, Thad unexpectedly turned up with him.

"Hitched a ride," he explained briefly to his surprised parents. "I met Bret the other day and he told me you'd rung to say Vanessa Morris is back, and that he was invited to a welcome-home party to be given by her sister."

"So you decided to gate-crash?" his mother asked smiling.

"Good old Beth," said Thad. "I'll ring her up and tell her I'm coming. Maybe now that Bret here is hitched, I might get a look in with the gorgeous Vanessa."

On Saturday evening when Clem actually met Vanessa, she was overwhelmed by her beauty. If nature was receiving a little help in preserving the golden blond hair, it was not apparent. The tan of her skin was enhanced by delicately pink lips and dark-lashed blue eyes.

She had been talking to someone else as they entered, but now she turned in answer to Mrs. Nelson's quiet greeting, and her lovely face lit up with joy.

"Bret!" Vanessa's tanned arms wrapped round his neck, she kissed him enthusiastically. "I hear you've got yourself engaged, you brute. I thought you were going to wait for me!"

Bret grinned down at her with narrowed eyes, his hands on her waist. "You shouldn't have stayed away so long. This, by the way, is my fiancee Clementina O'Gorman."

One hand left Vanessa's waist and hooked around Clem's to draw her forward, so that he was holding them both. "Hey!" Thad interrupted, when the two girls had politely greeted each other. "You can't have 'em both,' you know, Bret."

Adroitly removing Vanessa from his brother's encircling arm, he said, "How about a big hallo for me sweetie?"

Vanessa laughed and kissed him, but as Bret steered Clem away to another corner of the room, she noticed that Vanessa's kiss was not nearly so enthusiastic as that she had bestowed on Bret.

"Were you going to wait?" Clem murmured.

He said, "I'd have thought you know me better than that by now."

"I don't understand you," she told him, looking up into his face.

"I'm not the type to wait around too long, as you should know."

No, he wasn't. If Bret had had his way, he and Clem would have been married in England, without further ado. She smiled and looked at Bret with speculation. "And if you hadn't had to wait so long. . ." Her eyes found Vanessa, across the room, and returned to his questioningly.

"Stop jumping to conclusions, Clementina," he said scoffing. "I assure you there are no broken hearts around here."

Certainly Vanessa, now laughing up at Thad, who was holding her hand, looked far from broken hearted. Her eyes sparkled and her smile was brilliant.

* * *

The following morning at the farmhouse was taken up with church and preparations for lunch. Later unexpected visitors arrived and Mrs. Nelson was in her element playing hostess.

Clem finished her tea and collected a few other cups unobtrusively and took them out to the kitchen. She ran hot water into the sink and squeezed some detergent into it. She thought at first that it was Bret, when she heard someone come in and a lean brown hand reached for a tea towel hanging nearby. But it was Thad. Clem murmured a thank you to him and got on with her self-imposed task.

"Are you going to like living in New Zealand?" he asked her.

"I think so."

"Bret says you haven't set a date yet for the wedding."

"That's right. There's no hurry."

"Isn't there? It's not like Bret to hang about once he's made up his mind."

"Well, he's quite prepared to 'hang about' in this instance," Clem said impatiently.

"All the same, I'll bet it wasn't his idea."

"No."

"Well, why don't you hurry up and marry him then?"

"Because we've only known each other a few weeks. And that's none of your business anyway."

The colour receded from his tanned face and Thad said ruefully, "You don't pull any punches do you?"

"You did ask for it."

"That's right, I did. Do you fancy calling a truce now?"

"I want to be friends with Bret's family."

"Good." A hint of devilment entered his eyes. "Let's kiss and make up then, shall we?"

Clem gave him an exasperated look, then laughed. Thad grinned back and leaned over to plant a quick kiss on her lovely straight nose.

"Hey, that's my girl you're kissing," a lazy voice objected from the doorway and Bret strolled into the room, looking enquiringly from one to the other of them.

"She's just been telling me that," Thad grinned. "You're not going to object to a brotherly peck are you?"

"I guess not, if you keep it to that. I came to tell you, we'll have to get moving soon, if you're planning to travel back with me."

HAD BRET THOUGHT OF HER AS A SUBSTITUTE BECAUSE VANESSA HAD KEPT HIM WAITING TOO LONG? CLEM FOUND THAT SUCH QUESTIONS MARRED THE TRANQUILLITY OF HER DAYS AT THE NELSON FARM

The entire company gathered to see the two men off, and Bret simply gave Clem a brief kiss on the cheek before climbing into the car beside Thad.

Tom Rowland the farm help, who had gone off on his motorbike on Sunday morning met with an accident. They heard about it the next day. He was laid up in hospital with multiple fractures and temporary help was not immediately available.

In the next few days, Clem not only helped Mrs. Nelson in the house, but managed to persuade Mr. Nelson to allow her to do a few odd jobs about the farm as well, like milking cows, cleaning sheds and much else.

Bret came on Thursday. After breakfast next day, he suggested that Clem should come with him to Aputa. He had to see an old friend with a double purpose in mind. The man was interested in buying some machinery from Bret's firm and as he was in a business which used casual labour, he might know of someone who could solve the problem of a temporary worker for the farm. They spent a pleasant morning, lunching with Bret's friend and his wife, a comely couple with two children.

On the way back, Bret and Clem stopped at a wayside stall to buy a watermelon which they ate ready-cut, bending at the waist to allow the juice to run on to the grass and not spoil their clothes. It was a good day and afterwards, she looked back on it with nostalgia. The friendly rapport they had established in England was with them and there were no pressures on their enjoyment of each other's company. Clem was very content.

Bret had a name and telephone number to give his father, of a man who might be interested in temporary work. It transpired that the man was away for the week-end but Mr. Nelson promised Bret to get hold of him on Monday.

Thad arrived again on Saturday morning and Clem greeted him with one of her rare candid smiles. He grinned back at her with faint surprise and after lunch sought her out, his father and Bret having gone off together to look at a cow that was causing concern.

Clem was sitting on the verandah with her sketch-pad.

"Am I interrupting?" Thad asked her, seating himself on the top step at her feet. "What are you doing?"

"Designing a dress."

"May I see?" She gave him the sketch.

"Eye-catching," he commented. For you?"

"Good heavens, no!" she laughed.

It was a two-tiered evening gown in deep pink with black dots.

"No, it would need someone like Vanessa to do it justice. It's called 'Watermelon'," she said.

Thad looked again at the sketch. "Yes, I can see Vanessa in something like that. What do you think of her?"

"She's lovely."

"I've always thought so myself," said Thad "But she had a reputation for being a bit wild before she went away."

"So your mother implied. She also said she must be ready to settle down, having come home to help nurse her father."

"If that's the reason she came home."

"Do you know of another?" Clem enquired cautiously.

"It was a sudden decision, I gather," Thad answered obliquely.

Continued on page 39

Thackersey bridges the generation gap

Thackersey creates fashion fabrics for the whole family. Famous since 1873 for their superfine cottons. And the first to introduce Polyester Blends. An infinitely delightful range of prints,colours and textures in voiles, linos, cambrics, poplins, two x two, dhotis, jacquards, furnishing, *CRONOLIZED* (pre-shrunk) and TEBILIZED (for tested crease resistance) cottons. And polyester blended suitings, shirtings, dress materials and sarees.

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PUFF THEM UP!

Premila Lal

Photograph : Farokh Reporter

A perfect pastry is a triumph! The secret of successful pastry making lies primarily in coolness at every stage, little and light handling and a really hot oven. Each different type of pastry has an altogether different method of preparation. Flaky pastry is used for small patties and tarts, puff pastry is used in the preparation of jam puffs, patty shells and small pastries, whereas hot water crust pastry is used for meat and chicken pies. A ball of pastry ready in the refrigerator comes in handy for hurry-up desserts and snacks. You often wonder how these pastries are made. Well here are a few that will give you a start.

CHICKEN PATTIES

500 grams chicken, shredded
Chicken stock
Salt and pepper to taste
Beaten egg

FOR THE PASTRY:

240 grams flour
A pinch of salt
150 grams fat
Juice of 1 lemon

Mix the shredded chicken with salt and pepper. Put in the stock and mix well. Leave aside.

Sieve the flour and salt. Cream the fat and rub in one quarter of the fat into the flour. Mix with water and lime juice and knead into a soft dough. Roll out the dough into an oblong shape. Put dabs of creamed fat over two-thirds of the pastry. Sprinkle flour and fold the bottom third over the top third of the pastry. Lightly seal the edges. Repeat the rolling, and folding process till all the creamed fat is used up. Now wrap the pastry in greaseproof paper and leave it for at least one hour in the refrigerator. Cooling will make the pastry easier to handle. Divide the pastry in half and roll it out thinly. Cut rounds to fit the patty tins. Put in a tab-

lespoon of the filling in each round. Roll out the rest of the pastry dough, slightly smaller than the patty tins to cover up the filled cases. Damp the edges and place it over the patty tins. Press edges slightly. Brush with beaten egg and bake in a hot oven for 25-30 minutes. Any desired filling of your choice may be used instead of the chicken filling.

CHEESE CUSTARD FLAN

FOR THE PASTRY:

120 grams flour
75 grams butter
60 grams cheese grated
1 egg yolk
Pinch of dry mustard
Salt

FOR THE FILLING:

90 grams cheese grated
1½ cup milk
1 egg
Salt and pepper
1 tbsp. green capsicum chopped

To prepare the pastry, sieve the flour, mustard and salt together. Rub in the butter. Add cheese and bind with the egg yolk. If necessary add a little water. Roll out firmly and line a fairly deep, 7-inch flan ring.

Now beat together the egg, milk, cheese and seasoning. Pour carefully into the flan case. Bake in a hot oven (450°F) for just 10 minutes. Lower heat to 350° and bake till the filling is firm and a light brown on top.

MUTTON PIE

500 grams mutton, cooked
1 onion, finely chopped
Chopped coriander leaves
Salt and pepper to taste
Mutton stock
Beaten egg

FOR THE PASTRY:

500 grams flour
1 tsp. salt
120 grams lard or margarine
1/3 pint water or milk

Cut the mutton into pieces. Mix with chopped onions, coriander leaves and seasonings. Mix in the stock and keep aside to fill the pie-case.

Sieve the flour and salt. Melt the margarine in little milk. Bring to boil and pour into the flour. Knead to a smooth pliable dough. Divide the dough into two portions keep aside one half in a warm place, covered with a cloth. Mould the other half of the dough into a round pie-case. Fill up the pie-case with the above prepared filling. Wet the rim of the pie-case and cover with lid made from the remaining half of the dough. Press edges neatly. Brush with beaten egg. Place in a greased baking tray. Bake in a hot oven until the pastry is light brown. Reduce the heat and cook further for about 10 minutes.

PIQUANT ONION TART

1 kg onions sliced
75 grams butter
125 grams cheese, grated
2-3 green chillis
2 eggs
½ tsp. roasted cummin seeds
Salt and pepper
Pie pastry

Line a pie tin with rolled out pie pastry. Prick the pastry with a fork to avoid rising while baking. Heat the fat, add onions and chopped green chillis. Cook gently, covered, for about 20 minutes. Remove from heat and stir in 2/3 of the grated cheese. Stir in beaten eggs and the seasoning. Spread the mixture on the pie crust and sprinkle on top with remaining cheese. Bake in a moderate oven (375°F) for about ½ hour till brown. Serve hot, cut in wedges.

APPLE PIE

500 grams cooking apples
1 cup sugar
½ tsp. salt
¼ tsp. cinnamon powder
¼ tsp. nutmeg
1½ tbsps. flour
1 tbsp. melted butter
Pastry for 2 crusts

Pare and core the apples and cut into fine slices. Combine the sugar, salt, cinnamon, nutmeg and flour. Line pie pan with one crust. Prong the base and place the apple slices evenly. Sprinkle with the flour mixture and lastly with the butter. Damp the edge of the second crust and place over the top. Pinch together the edges of the two crusts. Prong the top crust and brush with milk. Bake in a hot oven (450°F) for 10 minutes, then reduce heat to (350°F) and continue baking for ½ hour or more until crust is done. Serve either hot or cold.

STEAK AND KIDNEY PIE

¾ kg beef steak
350 grams lamb kidneys
1 cup beer
2 cups stock from meat and vegetables
Flour (maida)
2-3 tbsps. ghee or fat
Salt and chilli powder to taste

FOR THE PASTRY:

2 cups sifted flour (maida)
½ tsp. salt
½ cup melted butter

To make the pastry, pour the melted butter into the flour, add salt and mix well together with fingers and palms. Make a well in the centre of the mixture and gradually add about ½ to ¾ cup water mixing gently without kneading. The dough should be soft enough to gather up into a soft ball without being sticky. Keep in a refrigerator for a day and half.

Cut the meat in small thick slices and skin and slice the kidney thinly. Heat the ghee and fry the sliced kidneys for a minute or two. Roll the sliced meat in seasoned flour and shake well. Grease an oven-proof dish and arrange a layer of meat and then a layer of kidneys. Add the stock mixture and beer. Roll out the pastry and cover. Bake in a preheated moderate oven for twenty to twenty-five minutes.

JAM PUFFS

2 tbsps. mixed fruit jam
White of 1 egg
Castor Sugar

FOR THE PASTRY:

240 grams flour
A pinch of salt
Juice of one lemon
240 grams margarine
Cold water for mixing

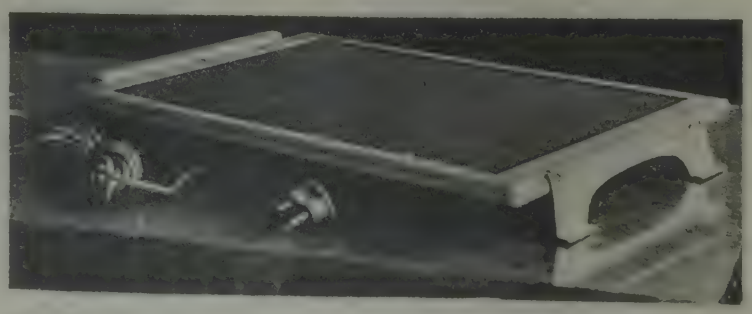
Sieve the flour and salt together and rub in a spoonful of margarine. Mix in lemon juice and water. Knead to a smooth dough. Roll the dough into a square shape, place the remaining margarine on one half and fold the other half over. Seal the edges. Turn the pastry so that the fold is to the right, and once again roll into a strip and fold into three folds. Seal the edges. Leave aside to cool. Repeat this rolling and folding process six times.

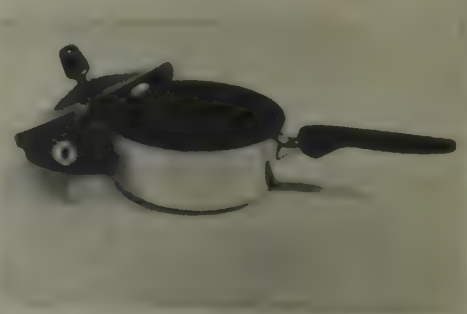
Now roll the pastry thinly and cut it into squares. Spread a layer of jam on one side, fold the pastry over to form a triangle or to any desired shape. Seal the edges, brush with beaten egg white and a sprinkle of castor sugar. Bake in a hot oven for 10-15 minutes. Similarly you can make 'Mawa Puffs' using fresh khoya (Mawa) mixed with a little sugar and vanilla essence instead of the jam filling.

NEW GIFTS FOR OUR MONTHLY COOKERY QUEENS

The Cookery Queen of the month will receive, in addition to the usual cash prize of Rs. 100.00,

1) A non-stick coated Saucette from TRUPTI INDUSTRIES, 2) A cash prize of Rs. 101.00 from WEIKFIELD, and 3) LIFELONG Food Warmer, Popular — model 625x365x65 mm from TRADING ENGINEERS, New Delhi.





So send in your original vegetarian or non-vegetarian recipes accompanied with a coupon to the Cookery Editor, Eve's Weekly, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay — 400 023.

RECIPES FROM OUR READERS

Miss Snigdha Bose, Calcutta.

ORANGE FRIED RICE

400 grams orange segments, skinned
400 grams fine rice
10 grams fragrant spices
50 grams currants
50 grams salted nuts
3 tbsps. ghee
2 cups orange juice
1 cup thickened milk
1 cup sugar
1 tsp. salt
1 tsp. saffron colour
10 cassia leaves

Mix saffron with rice.

In a pan, fry the nuts and keep aside. In the same pan put in the cassia leaves, spices and the washed rice. Fry lightly. Pour orange juice and one cup water and cover. Cook for 25-30 minutes. Now put in orange segments, thickened milk, currants and sugar. Stir well for 2-3 minutes. Cover pan and remove from the fire. Keep covered for 20 minutes.

Mrs. E. Krishnan, Cochin.

STEAMED TOMATO FLOES

FOR THE RICE BATTER :

½ kg boiled rice
¼ kg raw rice
⅛ kg urad dal

Soak the boiled and raw rice together and keep aside. Soak the urad dal separately. Grind both these fine, separately. Mix with salt and four tablespoons sugar. Leave to ferment — preferably over night or for eight to 10 hours.

FOR THE TOMATO STUFFING :

1 kg firm large tomatoes
¼ kg each of cauliflower, carrots, french beans and green peas
1 cup cashewnuts, chopped
½ cup raisins
1 bunch coriander leaves
¼ kg onions
3 green chillis
½" ginger
3 flakes garlic
100 grams cheese, grated
½ tsp. garam masala powder
½ tsp. cummin, pepper and saffron powder

Slice the tops of tomatoes. Scoop the inside and sprinkle with little salt and leave aside. Chop all the vegeables fine, except the green peas. Chop the onions, chillis, ginger, garlic, fine and keep separately.

Fry the onions to a light brown, add the chillis, ginger and garlic, and fry for some time. Add the chopped vegetables and peas. Keep frying till cooked.

Lastly add the nuts, raisins, masalas and salt to taste. Stir well. Add the chopped coriander and keep aside to cool. The tomato scoopings can be added in this. Fill this mixture into the tomatoes. Top it with grated cheese and a few green peas.

Pour 1/3 of the rice batter into a large mould and place the tomatoes inside this batter carefully leaving sufficient place in between them and keep in an idli vessel. Steam till the batter is cooked well for about seven to 10 minutes.

The batter can also be put into small moulds with one stuffed tomato placed in the centre.

Serve the tomato floes with sauce or any chutney.

N.B. If the small moulds are used, remove the floes carefully and place on a serving dish. In case a large mould is used cut the floes leaving sufficient steamed rice around each and remove only when cool.

WEEKLY WINNER

K. MALAK, Nagpur.

Mrs. Malak wins Rs. 50/- for this week's best recipe plus a 3-in-one storefresh container from Trupti Industries, a gift hamper from Welkfield and a 1000 ml. coconut oil tin from KMP Oil Industries, Cochin.

MANGO GULAB JAMUN

4 to 5 ripe but firm mangoes
½ kg ghee
½ cup curds
1½ cup flour (maida)
¼ tsp. soda or baking powder
2 cups sugar
Few drops rose essence

Sieve the flour and soda in a bowl. Rub in 1 to 2 tablespoons of ghee. Beat curds well and add to the flour. Add a little warm water to form a thick batter. Cover and leave the mixture to rise for four to five hours. Peel and cut the mangoes into cubes. Prepare sugar syrup of a thin consistency.

Heat ghee. Dip each mango piece in the curd-flour mixture and deep fry till golden brown. Remove and soak them in the sugar syrup. Add a few drops of rose essence to the sugar syrup before serving.

COOKERY CONTEST ANNOUNCEMENT

New Scheme for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest

All cookery contestants for the Monthly Cookery Queen Contest will have to send in their recipes — non-vegetarian or vegetarian according to the subjects specified for each month. We give below subjects for the coming three months to enable you to send in your entries well in advance.

September, 1979
CORN RECIPES

October, 1979
COOKING WITH LEFTOVERS

November, 1979
FESTIVE SWEETS

All entries for September should reach us by August 5, October entries by September 5, and November entries by October 5.

COOKERY CONTESTANTS!

Revised Contest Rules

1. Each recipe must be accompanied by this coupon.
2. The author of each selected entry will be informed in advance and requested to send a passport size photograph of herself to be published along with her recipe.
3. The recipe must be original and not copied from a cookery book, a magazine of any other published material. The prize-winner shall have to sign a declaration to that effect before the announcement is made and the prize awarded.

Address your entries to the Cookery Editor, EVE'S WEEKLY, Bombay Samachar Marg, Bombay—400 023.

THE LITTLE WOMAN

by Don Tobin

I CAN'T SLEEP - I THINK I'LL GET UP AND READ FOR A BIT -
Z Z
IF YOU WAKE UP AND WONDER WHERE I AM I'LL BE IN THE LIVING ROOM - O.K.?
Z Z
DID YOU HEAR WHAT I SAID, HERBERT?
WAKE UP!
WHAT IS IT?
DON'T WORRY IF YOU WAKE UP AND FIND I'M NOT IN BED - I'LL BE IN THE LIVING ROOM READING.
?
NOW GO BACK TO SLEEP - YOU NEED YOUR REST!
I WOULDN'T WANT HIM TO LIE AWAKE WORRYING ALL NIGHT -
4-15
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THAT'S A LAUGH!

The two men were having a cocktail at the bar when the wife of one approached. "I suppose," said the other, "this is your most charming wife."

"This" came the reply, "is my ONLY wife."

* * *

A young married woman wanted her new maid to be pleased with her position. "You'll have an easy time here," she said, "since we have no children to annoy you."

"Oh, I like children," said the maid. "Don't go restricting yourself on my account."

* * *

Mother was helping Sonny with his homework and asked, "How much is seven and four?"

"Twelve," said the son.

"Not bad for a little shaver," said his dad, who was listening. "He only missed it by two."

* * *

A stitch in time means you'll have to wear the darn thing all of next year.

* * *

The company was on parade and the sergeant-major asked: "Are there any men here who are fond of music?" Three or four responded to whom he instructed: "Fall out and report for shifting the canteen piano."

* * *

Conversation between clergyman and small girl:

"Do you say your prayers every night, my dear?"

"Oh no. Mummy says them for me."

"And what does she say?"

"She says, 'Thank heaven you're in bed at last.'"

* * *

Old lady to vicar who is leaving the parish: "I'm sorry you're going, Vicar. We never knew what sin was until you came here."

* * *

Young man: "If you argue with me just once more I shall kiss you passionately all over."

Girl: "No, you won't."

* * *

"Is it true you've fallen in love with Dracula?"

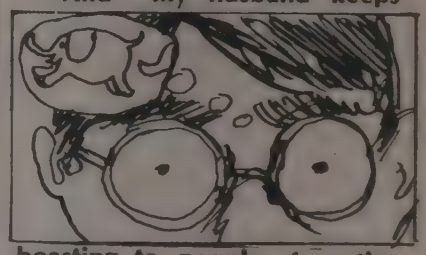
"Yes. It was love at first bite."

"My! How fangtastic!"

* * *

"My husband is so short-sighted he can't get to sleep unless he counts elephants."

"And my husband keeps



boasting to people at parties that he has more than a thousand people under him. And so he does — he's a gardener in a cemetery."

* * *

"Do you have holes in your trousers?"

"No."

"Then how do you get your legs through?"

* * *

"Are you trying to make a fool of me?"

"Of course not! Nature anticipated me there."

* * *

Compiled by George Fegrados

"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"

AN ACTIVE, INTELLIGENT MIND TRAPPED IN A WEAK BODY, AN ETERNAL STRUGGLE AGAINST THE SELF — THAT IS THE STORY OF THE SPASTICS

The common reaction to the sight of a person who suffers severe physical handicap is a mixture of pity and repulsion. For a fleeting moment, the onlooker may experience a feeling of concern towards the handicapped person, but more often than not this is overriden by a tendency to reject someone who is not "normal" like oneself and to steer clear of any involvement with him. How often do we look beyond outward appearances to question why the person is handicapped and how the handicap affects his life and that of his family?

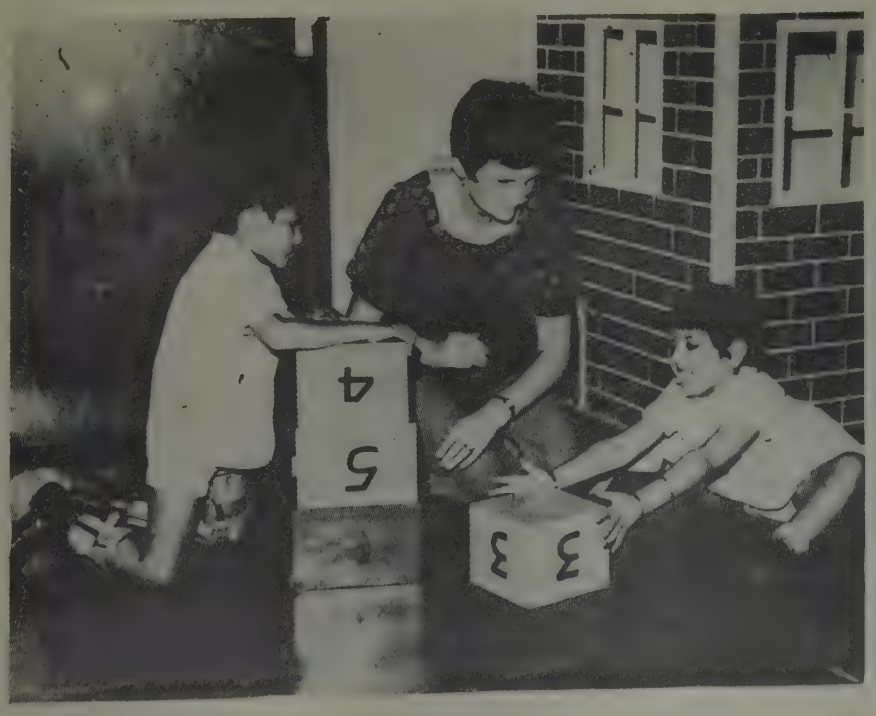
Take for example the cerebral palsied, more commonly known as the spastic. In India it is conservatively estimated that there are 24 spastics born each day, **one per thousand of the population. The cause of their handicap is damage to the brain before, during or after birth.** The main focus of the damage is in the area of the brain responsible for the control of movement and coordination, resulting mainly in problems of mobility and hand functioning.

Damage to associated areas of the brain controlling the senses may lead to defects in speech, vision and hearing. We have therefore a person who is multiple-handicapped, and we may see a child or adult who, if he walks, does so with an ungainly and unsteady gait, a lot of uncoordinated, involuntary movements of the limbs, arms flailing, hands unable to grasp objects. In addition, he may have difficulty in communicating because of inability to speak coherently or hear clearly, and also perceptual problems because of visual defects.

The irony of the situation is that within this imperfect machine there lies in 50 per cent of cases an intelligent mind capable of understanding, thinking and reasoning. We have only to twist an ankle or sprain a wrist to feel ill-tempered and depressed because of the restrictions imposed upon our activities. Imagine the degree of frustration that must be felt by a person who cannot make his body do what his mind dictates!

Is there a cure? Unfortunately no. There is no cure for brain damage, for once a brain cell is damaged it cannot be repaired. This does not mean that there will be no improvement in the condition. Better patterns of movement coordination and communication can be learned with the help of intensive and long term physio, speech and occupational therapy. However, in most instances, the spastic will never be totally independent. What does this mean for him and those responsible for his care?

For the spastic, life must often seem to be an eternal struggle, a struggle against himself and his environment. Feelings of inadequacy, worthlessness, anguish and despair must often overwhelm him as he faces a society which seems to be lacking in understanding and sensitivity towards him, yet upon which he has to be dependent for most of his life. His is a very restricted world, and often he must feel like a prisoner locked behind bars. Society, because of ignorance or fear, inadvertently shuns and rejects him.

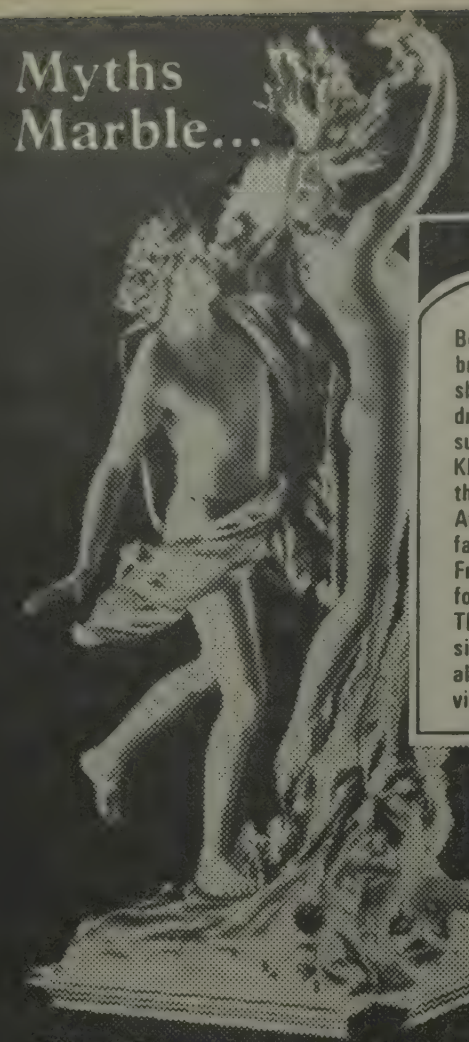


Convent schoolgirls visit the Centre for Spastics regularly and help the children with their arts and crafts.

ABOVE : A simple drill in the playground.

LEFT : Learning about numbers. Anjali Samtani and Nimesh Shah with Mrs. Elizabeth Mehta, teacher at the Centre.

Myths in Marble...



...Reality in Ceramics –

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MYTHS IN OUR MYTHOLOGY

Continued from page 13

Thus, on the one hand, she is blessed with the ability to conceive through the gods by a highly pleased Durvasha Muni. In that sense, she is sanctioned a liberated status. Yet, on the other hand, when she innocently conceives Karna from Lord Surya, she is compelled to abandon him on account of the fact that she is not married and Karna is a pre-marital conception. The fact that she is allowed extra-marital conception does not exempt her from the usual norms of female morality — no baby before marriage. Her status apart, she is not depicted with even the minimal maternal instinct. Thus, when in order to save the Pandavas she decides to reveal everything, strangely enough, she chooses to unload the truth on Karna, not on the Pandavas. This clearly shows that having renounced Karna as a baby she has lost all her motherly instinct towards him. She is only concerned about her five other sons. Thus Kunti is depicted as an insensitive, selfish woman, which is the typical estimate of women in our mythologies.

The one exception, and a powerful one at that, is the formidable personality of Parvati. She resists Shiva and challenges his presumptuous behaviour in seeking to enter her palace without her permission by creating a gana of her own; she creates an army of shaktis to fight and devour the gods (the devas and ganas); the gods literally kneel before her in order to seek reprieve; Shiva has to agree to restore Ganesha back to life; finally, he has to assure a lasting status to Ganesha as his and Parvati's son and as supreme among the ganas. All this happens because Parvati stands up as a personality in her own right with a mind and a will of her own. She is the anti-heroine of Hindu mythology, the one who fights victimization, male domination and, above all, unjust means. She stands apart in the splendour of her personality, refusing to accept the low status to which a woman is generally consigned in Hindu mythology.

What is the impact of such unjust concepts in our mythological stories? How damaging are such myths to social justice, human brotherhood and women's status? How can we as parents and teachers and guardians of a new generation prevent such anti-social concepts from continuing to form the mental attitudes of the young?

First, the impact of such mythological stories is to perpetuate caste, sex, and other biases in our society. The effect of mythology is potent on the human mind. It conditions our behavioural responses and affects both the literate and the illiterate, the poor and the affluent.

As parents and teachers engaged in shaping future generations, we can do a lot. We can begin by pruning the irrelevancies out of whatever lore we share with our children. Those of us who are creative writers can revise the old texts and write new ones keeping in view the need to underplay and if possible eliminate caste, sex and other biases. A modest effort as a parent can begin at home. (In talking of Sudama, I deliberately skip the word "Brahmin" from the story.)

One last point, I believe the attitude towards poverty and deprivation has to change. Along with other biases, the bias in favour of the tinsel "Camelot" world has to be discarded. More realisable, more modest and middle class dreams have to be substituted. Take Sudama's case as an illustration again. From being hard pressed to find even two square meals a day for his family, his life style is transformed to magnificence because of Krishna's good will. The contrast presented is socially dangerous. The palaces and chariots and a bevy of servants as well as the rich raiment for Sudama's family — are they relevant to today's world? Must the change be so total, so Cinderella-like, rocketing a completely dejected, indigent human being into a splendour that a prince might envy? Is it desirable for our young to thirst after such affluence?

These are just some cautionary notes which are intended to alert the interested reader to the kinds of myths and dysfunctional beliefs that we may be inadvertently promoting in our society, particularly in young and impressionable minds. Unless corrections are evolved and applied to these mythologies, it is idle to expect the younger generation to accept the ideals of social justice, dignity of labour, simple living and sex equality.

"I hate pimples."

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HD-4958

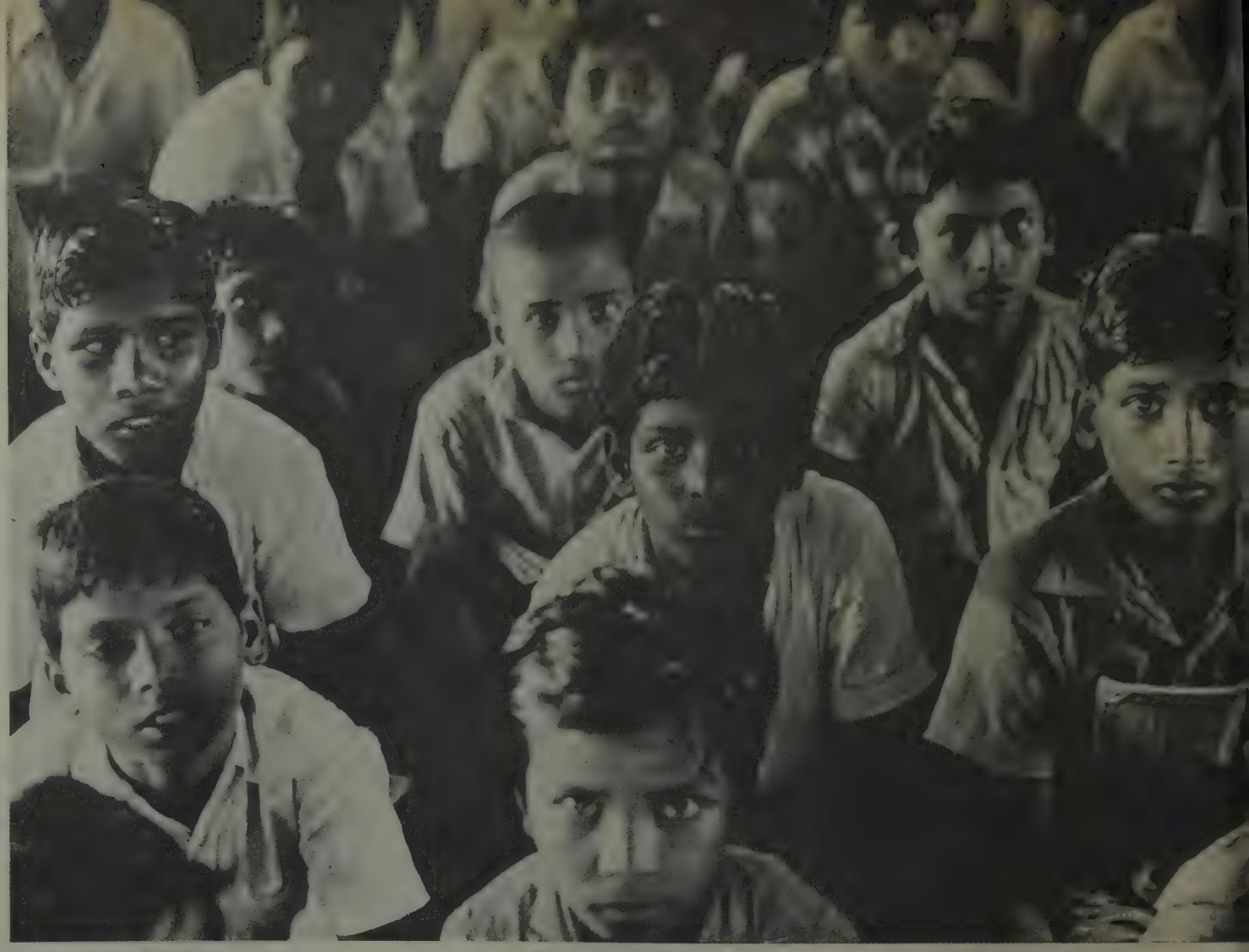
"THE SPIRIT IS WILLING BUT THE FLESH IS WEAK"

From childhood, the spastic faces considerable hurdles, leading to problems both physical and emotional. For the family of a spastic child, the load is also a heavy one to bear; to accept that their child is handicapped and that there is no cure for him is a bitter pill to swallow.

Some parents react by rejecting the child, others over-compensate by stifling him with affection and care, thereby hindering his progress. Caring for a handicapped child is not an easy task, as it requires a great deal of tolerance, understanding and compassion, as well as a determination to help the child to help himself. Here again the task of parents is made more difficult by the unfeeling attitude of society towards them. Often they feel stigmatized and helpless in the face of this unsympathetic attitude and this may lead them to deny the child's condition and not to seek help from professionals. As a consequence, without treatment, the spastic child may become further crippled, and, as an adult, become a burden on his family and the community, rather than an integrated and meaningful member of society.

Ideally, the best environment for a spastic child is to have a stable home life with parents able to accept him as he is and provide him with the right kind of stimulation for his optimum development. In addition, access to day centres for the child where there is provision for special education and therapy is imperative if the child is to be helped to become an independent and useful member of society. The spastic adult must also be given a chance and provided with opportunities to develop and use his skills. For the majority of adult spastics it is impossible to compete in the open employment market because of their low productivity. Sheltered workshops should therefore be provided where adaptations have been made to suit the abilities of the spastic and where he can work at his own pace. Intelligent spastics should also be given a chance to benefit from higher education and to pursue professional careers if they are capable of doing so.

Spastics have a right to live as normal a life as possible. **For, given a chance, the spastic can and will succeed and give expression to his potential and creativity.**



UNICEF

THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD_ empty promises?

MUCH MORE NEEDS TO BE DONE TO MAKE THE U.N. CHARTER ON THE RIGHTS OF THE CHILD A MORE MEANINGFUL PIECE OF LEGISLATION THAN THE WORTHLESS SCRAP OF PAPER IT IS FAST BECOMING

Moin Qazi

The scorching sun climbs over the hills as the afternoon approaches. It is a moment of respite when people scurry to their homes for food. Young school children sit in the school compound under the huge tamarind tree munching sandwiches and sweets, while in the world outside, there is a child who has to struggle for bare existence. He has a world of his own — a world which promises nothing but toil, tears and misery. Does this child know that he, too, is a part of society, and has been guaranteed certain rights which he can assert? The answer is a tragic "no."

It is a fact that while children have been guaranteed certain rights by the law of the land, there is hardly any trace of knowledge of this in their sunken eyes. Life, for them, is a struggle for daily bread. The International Year of the Child demands that one do something to give practical shape to the vision of those people who have left certain blue-prints for the welfare of children.

Our Constitution makers had a vision of the future that lay ahead, and they formulated their views in the rights enshrined in the Constitition. But it is a sad commentary that hardly anything has been done to give practical shape to them.

Article 24 prohibits the employment of children below the age of 14 years in factories, mines or hazardous employment. But actually 10.7 million children are engaged in manual labour. An I.L.O. report lends support to the view that child labour can hardly be legislated away for its roots lie in abject poverty.

The latest I.L.O. survey reveals that where social and economic conditions have improved, children go to school and child labour has virtually disappeared. This clearly shows that freedom from want is very essential to enable children to be free to learn and play. These include such essentials as food, shelter, clothing, clean water and provision of gainful employment. These measures require a concerted effort spanning over a long period, but there are some immediate measures which it has suggested for improving the lot of child labourers.

The I.L.O. suggests that first, working children must be protected from outright exploitation and from hazardous conditions of work which sap their mental and physical energy. They should

be exempted from night work; their working hours should be limited and they must have sufficient rest periods and holidays.

Secondly, there should be a provision for elementary education for children so that they can improve their lot as they grow up.

The report further notes that Dickens' celebrated words on Victorian indifference to the welfare of "little labouring hands" still has relevance in the contemporary age. It was more than a century ago that Dickens wrote the following lines:

"It is a matter of surprise to me that I can have been so easily thrown away at such an age. A child of excellent abilities and strong powers of observation, quick, eager, delicate and soon hurt bodily or mentally, it seems wonderful that nobody should have made any sign in my behalf. But none was made, and I became at ten years old, a little labouring hand. . ."

The Directive Principles of State Policy also stress welfare of children. Articles 39 (e) and (f) provide that the State must prevent children from being forced by economic necessity to enter vocations unsuited to their age and strength and that childhood and youth should be protected against exploitation and moral and mental deterioration.

It is however, a fact that thousands of young children have been thrown on the streets owing to economic conditions and have turned delinquents. They develop an unstable nervous system and become truants living in overcrowded or broken homes. They are unemployed and take up morally hazardous trades in the city. They dwell in areas infested by delinquency — dirty and dismal slums. Gambling dens, dark and blind alleys, a fetid atmosphere, obscenity corrupt them at a tender age. The environment and conditions of life are such that they are certain to become petty thieves, smugglers, pickpockets, shop lifters, prostitutes, or hooch runners.

Article 45 states that the State must endeavour to provide free and compulsory education for all children until they complete 14 years of age. The blatant disregard of this article is to be found in the amount of money spent by different States on education. During 1976-77 the State spent an average of 16.3 per cent of their total budgetary expenditure on education. Kerala spent 30 per cent of its budget, while Jammu and Kashmir was content with only 10 per cent. The total expenditure by all the States totalled Rs. 1,780 crores. The Central Government supplemented it with Rs. 411 crores. Thus, the total expenditure on education was only three per cent of the country's gross National Product during 1976-77.

Homi KharaF

India is a signatory to the U.N. Charter of the Rights of Children, and these include:

The right to affection, love and understanding.

To adequate nutrition and medical care.

To free education, to a name and nationality.

To special care, if handicapped.

To be among the first to receive relief in times of disaster.

To learn to be a useful member of society and to develop individual abilities.

To be brought up in a spirit of peace and universal brotherhood.

To enjoy these rights regardless of race, colour, sex, religion, national or social origin.

As a signatory to this Declaration, India is morally committed to guarantee these rights.

The issues are quite clear: mere legislation on paper or guarantee of a few rights cannot assure the welfare of the teeming millions of these helpless souls. The political will to bring up all children whatever their economic background, as healthy, honest and useful children is needed. We have dedicated this year to these unfortunate children, but if we are to make this dedication more than an empty, pompous gesture, much more needs to be done to alleviate the suffering that stalks the world of the child. For this we need a pragmatic approach and a planned, practical programme to be carried out with sufficient funds and by committed men and women.

Milton said,

"Where children are not,

Heaven is not."

But at present the earth is only a hell for deprived children. It is our first duty to change this.

MY DARLING CLEMENTINA

Continued from page 29

"I have a feeling," said Clem, "that I'm somehow missing the point of this conversation. Do I gather that you're interested in Vanessa — as more than a friend?"

Thad flicked her an oddly shame-faced glance. "I'd rather you didn't spread it around if you don't mind, but you're a sharp one aren't you?"

"Not specially. It isn't such a secret is it? Your interest in Vanessa, I mean?"

"I don't see why it should be now."

"What do you mean, **now?"**

"Well, two years ago, she was rather involved with — someone else. I don't think either of them would have thanked me for making my feelings clear then."

"It was Bret wasn't it?" Clem said slowly.

"Oh, lord, you're too quick, Clem!" Thad said, "I'm sorry, I should have kept my big mouth shut."

"Don't be silly, Thad. It isn't anything shameful, and I was bound to find out sooner or later."

"Vanessa's coming here tomorrow. Did you know? Mother invited her for lunch."

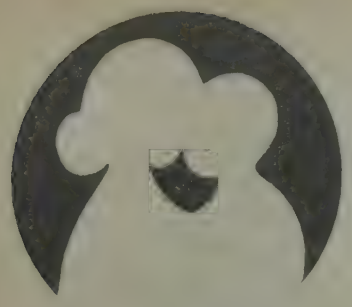
"No, I didn't know."

Clem couldn't help watching Bret and her the next day when Vanessa came for lunch. She felt shamed and guilty. After all, what had gone on between the two of them before she met Bret was nothing to do with her. She was wearing Bret's ring, even though, as he had explained to his mother, it meant "not quite the usual thing."

At night, depressed, she tried to sleep. But her mind was overactive. She kept going over her conversation with Thad, recalling Bret's every action and word. Perhaps if they had been really engaged, she could have asked him directly about his relationship with Vanessa; but with their present fluid tie, it seemed to Clem, she did not have the right to enquire.

To be continued

Mills and Boon books are available at all leading book shops and the MacMillan Company of India Limited.



THE AUTOGRAPH

Manorama Jafa

SADLY MOHAN SAW THE CHANCE FOR WHICH HE WAS WAITING SO EAGERLY, SLIP BY, BUT HIS KINDLY DEED BROUGHT ITS OWN REWARD

Early in the morning Mohan got ready. He was very excited. He had to get to school very early. A famous cricketer was going to address the boys, and Mohan was on the reception committee. Besides, he wanted an autograph. Carefully, he slipped his autograph book into his pocket and rushed to breakfast. As he got on his bike, his mother brought some fruit in a paper bag.

"On your way to school, deliver this fruit to Bari Amma."

"But I'm in a hurry, Ma! have to get to school very early. I'll deliver the fruit later."

"But Bari Amma is ill, and she needs fruit. She is alone, and she is old. You must understand," his mother cajoled him.

So Mohan took the bag reluctantly and looked at his watch. It was five minutes to eight, and the cricketer was to reach the school at nine. Actually the old lady's cottage was not too far. He certainly could make it.

Mohan pedalled swiftly down the road. He went really fast and in a short time reached the cottage. Hurriedly, he opened the gate, crossed the garden, jumped the steps, and knocked on the door. He knocked again, but there was no reply. So he knocked on the door again. It was very quiet, and the place looked deserted. Nervously he pushed the door open, peeped in, and called, "Is anyone there?"

A faint voice groaned, "I'm here, child."

Mohan entered the adjoining room and was shocked to see the old lady lying on her back bleeding from a wound on her forehead. He dropped the bag of fruit on the table and helped the old lady to her bed. As she sank down on it, he picked up a towel, soaked it in water, and gently cleaned the bleeding cut. The lady closed her eyes and groaned.

Then Mohan rushed out of the cottage, ran to the neighbouring house, and knocked on the door. A woman opened it, and Mohan shouted, "The old lady is hurt, can you please tell me where to get a doctor?"

"The gentleman staying in flat number six is a doctor. He leaves for his clinic at about ten. Hurry up, you may catch him."

Mohan rang the bell at number six. The doctor, with his bag, was ready to leave. Mohan told him everything, and the doctor accompanied him to Bari Amma. He examined the old lady thoroughly. He gave her an injection and applied some ointment on the cut. He also gave her a tablet. Mohan brought a glass of water and helped the old lady swallow the tablet.

"Well, son, you have to keep an eye on her. Don't let her get up, for she must have complete rest," and with that the doctor left. Dutifully Mohan sat down on the chair next to the bed.

The old lady groaned. "My son, stay here for some more time. My nephew should be here any minute," she said and closed her eyes.

Sadly Mohan stood by the window. The clock struck eleven. He had missed his big chance: no autograph. He wished her nephew would come soon. The old lady was sleeping soundly. Why not slip away quietly? Mohan thought.

But the doctor had ordered him not to leave her alone. Now Mohan was getting restless. He looked out of the window and found the road deserted.

Suddenly there was a great noise. A crowd was approaching from the main road, and it stopped at the gate. A young man slipped out of the crowd and opened the gate. The crowd started to follow, but the young man said something that stopped the people out on the road. Then he walked towards the cottage.

Mohan couldn't believe his eyes. This man was the famous cricketer! Mohan was thrilled. The young man was already on the porch when Mohan went out.

"Is this Mrs. Sen's house?" asked the cricketer.

Mohan was so excited that he stammered. "Yes. . . yes, sir," and took the visitor inside.

The old lady opened her eyes and whispered, "Sonu!" Tears flowed from her eyes as she stretched her hands. Her nephew bent down and kissed her lovingly.

"You know, Sonu," Bari Amma said, "this boy saved my life this morning. I had a bad fall, cut my forehead, and was unconscious. Luckily he arrived, and called the doctor and has been looking after me since then. God bless him. Poor boy, he couldn't even go to school."

Mohan felt quite embarrassed. "Actually," he admitted "I was on my way to see you and get your autograph, but. . ."

"So you will have it now." The cricketer smiled. "Have you an autograph book?"

Mohan took out his autograph book. The cricketer pulled out his pen, drew a cricket bat, and wrote inside it, "Mohan, I admire you," and signed his name. Mohan's eyes were all aglow. From then on, that was Mohan's most cherished autograph because it was the most unexpected.

YOUNG VIEWPOINT

A forum for young people to express their opinions, share news about their activities and get to know more about each other

What is this life if, full of care,
We have no time to stand and stare?.....
No time to see, when woods we pass,
Where squirrels hide their nuts in grass.

How true are William Henry Davies words even today. Our lives must be drab if we have no time to appreciate the mysteries of nature. To unravel them is not difficult. Just a few kilometres away from Bombay is the Borivli National Park, abounding in natural treasures. To name a few, there is the moss-flowering 'karvi', the sindoor pods, ants' nests and granaries and 60-million-year-old rocks.

THE NATURAL TREASURE-HUNT

If you don't know how to find them, here is the first clue. Go on a nature trail. Nature trails have been organised for all those who want to discover nature's secrets. The organisers are the Rotary Club of Bombay Mid-town, the Bombay Natural History Society and the Rotary Club of Mahableshwar. If you are really adventurous you can even go to Mahableshwar in October when the nature trail there will re-open.

The advantage of going on a nature trail instead of venturing out on your own is that you can learn much more in the same amount of time. In four hours, Dr. Shantu Vaidya who had been on a nature trail in the U.S., learnt more about the natural surroundings than he knew about India in all the years he had spent here! He has started the trails so that people can see nature as it exists, undisturbed by man.

There are two sites where trained guides lead you through the woods. You can reach the Kanheri trail by bus from the Borivli station. The circular Mahableshwar trail is a couple of minutes' walk from the Holiday Camp, which can also be reached by bus.

Once there, a guide leads you through the forest explaining the items of interest. The silence is broken by the sounds of insects and the call of birds. It is virtually an unconducted orchestra. There is the constant pre-monsoon morse code flashed out by the frogs and male cicadas squeak away merrily.

It is extremely interesting to go on a trail. This is the common opinion of a cross-section of students from various age groups (12-18 years). "It fills up so many vacancies and voids in our education system," says Shaila. She is in the 12th standard. She complains that although she is a science student, "our courses have nothing to do with things that surround us."

Amresh, a 10th standard student of St. Xaviers, finds it much easier to remember things, "when you see them in real life."

Suhrid, a 6th standard student of Cathedral and John Cannon school was very enthusiastic about what he had seen on the Mahableshwar trail. According to him, the 'treasure trove' included the wait-a-bit' plant, 'the whistling schoolboy' (a bird), the print plant, bore's dig-ups' and rats' and snakes' holes; and of course the bitter 'bedki' leaves which deaden the tastebuds.

"Students enjoy nature trails as they are like picnics, not part of a dull routine," says Nenoo Dhar, a Kashmiri guide on the trail. She enjoys her work — "It is a nice way of spending Sundays." A final year BSc. student, Nenoo earns her pocket money by imparting knowledge. She feels that the trails should be included in the extra-curricular activities of schools, "though they can be optional for colleges."

According to Professor P. V. Bole, head of the department of Botany St. Xavier's College, not only school children but even college students learn a lot about "the local vegetation, natural history and animal life" as these topics are not included in textbooks. His opinion is that "field biology, geology and natural history can be best studied in the field. Besides one is not time-bound to a 45-minute period but can talk at leisure as it takes three hours to go through the trail." However, he suggests that public transport should be provided so that people can go to more interesting spots, where there is a better variety of bird life and aquatic and terrestrial life.

Mrs. Kumkum Somani, a trustee and teacher in the G. D. Somani Memorial school feels that "studies should be a part of life and contribute to the total development of a person." Maybe that is the reason why the school has a nature club, which among other activities, grows vegetables and seasonal flowers. They also have many outdoor excursions. One of them could definitely be a nature trail, according to her. "But a working day instead of a Sunday would be far more convenient."

She liked the Mahableshwar trail very much. "I have been to Mahableshwar nearly 15 times but this has been the best trip so far because of the nature trail — I saw Mahableshwar with new eyes," she enthuses. She recommends combining nature with bird-watching trails. There should be pre-recorded tapes to familiarise people with bird calls and binoculars on hire "as they can't be spotted so easily," she suggests. "On-the-Spot drawing competitions should also be organised to make people aware of nature. Besides children should be encouraged to imitate animal and bird sounds to arouse their interest in nature."

Dr. Vaidya finds the response from schools encouraging. According to him, 50 per cent of the visitors to the trail are below 16. Some schools like Cathedral, New Era, H. M. Public school and Campion have organised group visits to the Kanheri nature trail. Although colleges have still not done so, individual college students have been on the trail. Other organisations like Bhabha Atomic Research Centre, some medical associations and Rotary clubs have also sent groups on the trail. But Dr. Vaidya is not satisfied with the response from organised groups. "Special visits on week days can be arranged to suit different groups," he says.

If his efforts succeed, you will certainly have enough leisure "to stand and stare" at the wonders of nature before returning to the rat race of daily existence.

Maya C. Malani

MECHANICS

IT'S SIMPLER THAN YOU THINK

If women are no good at things mechanical, it's because we have not tried our hand at it. A guide to a better understanding of gadgets and machines.

UNDERSTANDING YOUR CAR

Dilip Bam

How many times has your car stalled in the middle of the road when you had an important schedule to keep? How many times has your car conked out at a traffic stop and you have had to endure the honking and jeers of cars behind you? How many times has your tyre punctured and you have looked helplessly at passing motorists to help you out?

Having a car is both a luxury and a headache — a luxury when it works, and a headache when it doesn't, especially if it doesn't work in the middle of a trip. A little knowledge of how it works and why it does not when it breaks down would help to increase the luxury and minimize the headache.

To understand its essentials, let us begin by knowing its essential parts. These essential parts are shown in the schematic diagram.

The Engine: The petrol that you put into the car is burnt inside the engine producing heat energy. This heat energy, through a series of arrangements within the engine, produces rotatory motion which has to be conveyed to the wheels in order to move the car. The other requirement for burning the petrol, is "air" which is sucked into the burning chamber (called **"cylinder"**) through an **"air cleaner."** The air and petrol are mixed in a fixed proportion in the **"carburettor"** and then fed into the cylinder where this mixture is ignited by a **"spark plug."** This burning process which produces the heat, also heats up the engine itself, which, unless cooled, will wear out very fast. This cooling is done by circulating water around the cylinders. This circulating water also gets heated up considerably and is cooled in a **"radiator."** The water inside the radiator is cooled by a "fan," and circulated everywhere by a "water pump."

All Indian cars have four cylinders, marked 1,2,3,4, in the diagram. The spark plugs are screwed into the engine body and are visible upon opening the engine hood (also called bonnet).

ACTION: When you turn the switch to start the car, what happens is that current is drawn from the **"battery"** and activates an electric motor (identical to the motor in a hair dryer or a mixer, though much bigger). This motor gets momentarily connected to the engine through an electrical arrangement called "solenoid" and turns the engine for a couple of seconds causing it to start. As soon as the engine starts, the solenoid action stops and the engine is running. However, no power is yet being transmitted to the wheels. When you press the clutch pedal and put the car into gear, the engine gets connected to the wheels and as you let go of the clutch pedal gradually, the car starts to move. The various gears such as first, second, third, fourth and reverse are for running the car at various speeds while the engine speed is the same.

So far we have seen only the rudiments of the mechanism. But there is much more to it than this. Inside the cyclinders are **"pistons"** which move up and down due to the burning of the petrol-air mixture. These pistons are connected to a **"crank shaft"** so that as the pistons move up and down, the crank shaft turns round and round. It is this round and round motion (turning) of the crank shaft that (through the clutch and gear box) turns the wheels. The motion of the engine through the clutch and the gear box is transmitted to the rear axle (on which the rear wheels are mounted) via a **"differential."** All the moving parts need lubrication. This is provided by "engine oil" — also called black oil (or mobil oil). Some parts which are exposed or for some other reason cannot be lubricated with engine oil are lubricated with grease.

Buying a car

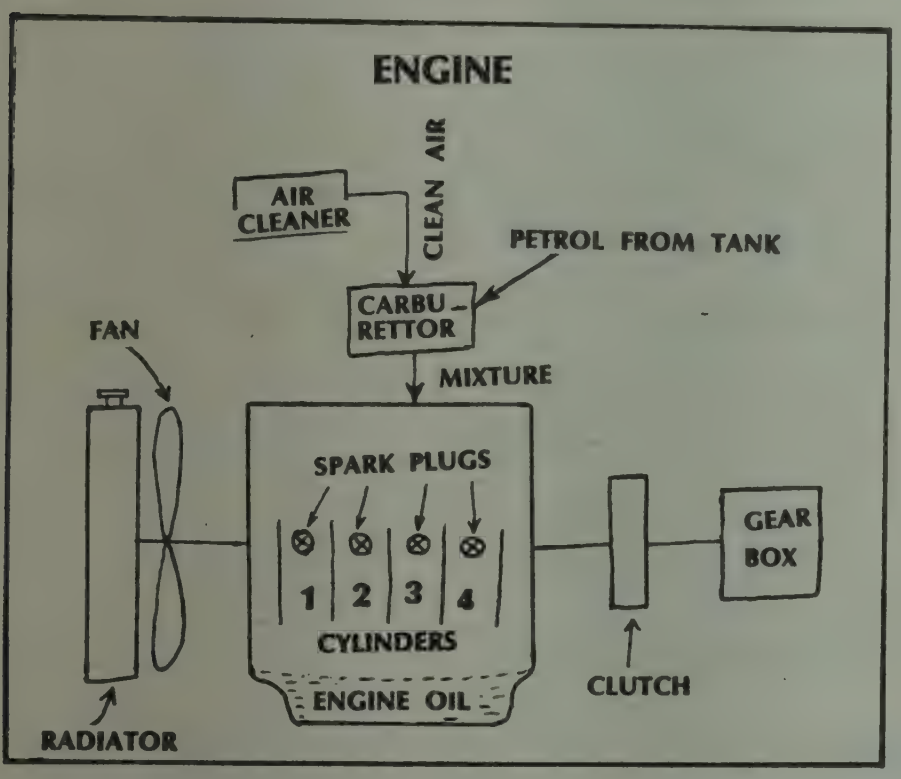
Only three makes of cars are available in the country today and there is hardly anything to choose from. Prices for the two cheaper varieties are nearly half a lakh for a car with a 15-year-old design. The only time when one has a choice is when one is buying a second hand car. Actually, buying a second hand car is a gamble, as is buying any second hand mechanical device. A car nicely done up can fool the best of mechanics as nobody opens up the engine to look at it before buying. In any case, the mechanic has nothing to lose because, if the car breaks down he is the one who stands to gain. The last place to buy a used car is from a second hand car salesman. The best bet is to buy a car that you know of or have seen being used, better still, if you know the driving habits of the previous owner. Some obvious points however can be taken as a guide:

(1) Number of owners: the more the number of previous owners the less the chance of the car being very good.

. (2) See the bodywork, the sheet metal panels and the paintwork If they look good and dent-free

you can take it that the car has been used carefully, and even if there has been some patchwork, at least the previous owner has saved you the trouble of having to get this done.

(3) Take the car to some garage, have it raised up (you might have to pay about ten rupees for this but it is well worth it) and look at the undercarriage for signs of corrosion and rust. At the same time, lift up the carpets or rubber mats on the floor of the car inside and look for rust and corrosion. This is most important in coastal areas where the sea air causes corrosion rapidly. If the corrosion/rust is considerable, it would be advisable not to go in for that car as rectifying this is quite expensive, and there are very few places where such a job is done.



(4) While the car is still raised, look for oil leaks. Oil tightness is a very good indication of the state of the car.

(5) Look at the tyres. If they are worn out, it is fairly obvious, and the seller will not hesitate to give some price reduction for this. More importantly, look for uneven wear of the tyres. If they are worn unevely, it means that the wheel alignment is not proper. Even though wheel alignment is a pretty quick and relatively cheap job, uneven wear means that the previous owner has not been very careful about the car and there could be things wrong which are not so obviously visible.

(6) Bring the car down and open the engine hood (bonnet), take a good look at all the parts inside and its general cleanliness. It will give an idea as to how carefully the car has been looked after.

(7) Hold the tip of the fan and try to move it front and back (in a direction perpendicular to its direction of rotation). If there is any play, it means that the water pump bearing is worn out. In such a case the whole water pump assembly has to be changed and this costs about Rs. 250.

(8) Open the battery caps and see the level of water inside. The metallic grill visible inside should be completely submerged under water. At the same time, also check the water level in the radiator and the engine oil level in the sump. These things, though unimportant in themselves, give you an idea as to how much attention has been paid to the maintenance of the car in the past.

(9) If the air-cleaner is of the dry (paper) type, unscrew its lid and look at the paper element. If it is excessively dirty, it needs replacement and you can ask for a price reduction of about Rs. 40 which is its cost.

(10) Check all the doors and door locks as well as the winding up and down of the windows. If they are not functioning suitably, ask for a price reduction equivalent to the cost of repair. At the same time, examine all the panelling and upholstery. Allow for their state in the price you decide to offer.

(11 Check all the lights, indicators, blinkers. If any one does not work, have it repaired at the previous owner's cost, as something more than the bulbs may be defective.

(12) Without the car being started, switch on all the lights and indicators, press the horn, switch on the windscreeen wipers. A battery in good condition should be able to activate all these.

Most important, drive the car a few miles. Take it over a few bumps and feel its suspension. Drive it in all gears turn by turn (including reverse gear) and be on the look-out for any tell-tale sound/noise. Even a novice can tell if the sound is something out of the ordinary.

Casually ask the owner what kind of mileage it gives. Say you would like to check it out. He should not mind if he is not lying. To check its rate of consumption, fill up the tank with petrol up to the brim of the tank. Note the mileage in the meter. Now drive the car about 25 to 30 km. Pull up at a petrol pump and again fill up the tank right up to the brim (same level up to which you had filled before you started). Note down how much petrol you fill in the second time. Also note the mileage again in the meter. The difference in the two readings of the meter gives you the exact number of kilometers you have covered. Divide this figure by the number of litres of petrol you filled in the second time. This will give you the exact figure of kilometres per litre that the car consumes. You need to pay only for the amount of petrol filled in the second time because that is the amount of petrol consumed in your test. This amount would not be more than Rs. 15.

The consumption rate of a car is a pretty good index of its state. If the rate calculated by you does not tally with that told by the owner, it again gives you an idea of the attention paid to the car in the past.

Thus whenever you are buying a second-hand car, have it shown to you by the previous owner. Keep him talking. You will learn much more from him than from the car itself.

BED-WETTING The Causes and the Cure

No other habit causes such consternation and embarrassment, both to parents and children, as bed-wetting. Apprehensive mothers enter the children's bedroom every morning to find wet beds and stained sheets. But there are several effective medicines for this condition. In Homoeopathy each case is studied carefully and medicines prescribed according to individual symptoms.

It is, however, not advisable to rush to a doctor at the first signs of bed-wetting. There are many cases that respond to simple methods which should be given a try.

It is never too early to inculcate good habits in a child. You can teach hygienic habits to a baby barely eight weeks old. The child should be induced to pass urine before the feeds. Some children relapse into bed-wetting during the teething period. Some get into the habit again in the second or third year in order to draw attention; or they become rebellious for some reason; or do so because of jealousy at the arrival of another child. In such cases, the parents should first try to find out the reason.

A slightly older child of nervous temperament may wet the bed due to stress, fear of darkness or loneliness. In these cases, tactful handling helps and a night light does wonders.

Twelve-year-old Gaurav had developed this habit following an attack of measles. He was given weekly doses of Morbillinum 200 which helped.

A general homoeopathic medicine cannot be recommended as each case calls for a different type of remedy depending on the individual symptoms. For instance, if there is a family history of T.B., then Tuberculinum or Bacillinum is effective. Sulphur is another useful medicine. There are others like Causticum, Sycotic-co, Phosphorus, etc., which provide immediate relief, but these should be administered only after a careful study of the case.

This habit is not confined to children — even elderly people are prone to lose control over the bladder. In some cases, opium and conium help, but again it depends on the individual.

Dr. Kusum Agarwal

Send in your answer accompanied by one empty large (30 g.) plastic packet of Cadbury's Gems. The first 1001 successful entrants will each get a State Bank Gift Cheque for Rs. 11.

Please write the answer, as well as your name and address, in English only, and in block letters.

Mail entries to: "Fun with Gems"
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Last date for receiving entries:
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CHAITRA-C-263

You'll make an attractive Air hostess but...

I WAS SO KEEN ON THE AIR HOSTESS JOB. EAGERLY I SET OFF FOR MY FIRST INTERVIEW
YOU'RE RIGHT FOR THE JOB AND ATTRACTIVE TOO, BUT UNLESS YOU DO SOMETHING ABOUT YOUR SKIN!
SHE WAS RIGHT. WHY DID MY SKIN HAVE TO LOOK SO DULL AND LIFELESS
WHEN MY AIR HOSTESS FRIEND HEARD -
LISTEN MEENA, I KNOW WHAT YOU NEED BEFORE YOUR FINAL INTERVIEW-ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK
IF YOU CLEANSE YOUR SKIN REGULARLY WITH ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK ITS DULLNESS WILL CLEAR
LOOK HOW IT REMOVES THE STALE MAKE-UP AND HIDDEN DIRT THAT SOAP DOESN'T WASH AWAY. NATURALLY YOUR SKIN LOOKS GLOWING AND FRESH.
I USED ANNE FRENCH DEEP CLEANSING MILK EVERY NIGHT UNTIL I WENT FOR MY FINAL INTERVIEW
CONGRATULATIONS, THE JOB IS YOURS. AND REALLY WHAT A MARVELLOUS DIFFERENCE IN YOUR SKIN!
IT'S HARD WORK BEING AN AIR HOSTESS - BUT LOTS OF FUN TOO. THANK YOU ANNE FRENCH FOR A LOVELY COMPLEXION - FOR EVERYTHING.
Anne French
DEEP CLEANSING MILK
174 DCM-154

Anne French **Deep Cleansing Milk for a clear, lovely skin.**

WOMEN IN FOCUS

PUSHPA K. LAL

THE 'MAGIC' BEHIND THE SHOW

"Without her support and encouragement, I may never have made it so big," says world-famous magician, K. Lal, of his shy, soft-spoken wife, Pushpa.

Twenty years ago, when all the elders in the family dissuaded him from turning his attention to magic and neglecting the ancestral cloth business, Pushpa was his sole source of comfort and strength.

After work, when her husband would practise his magic in the solitude of their room, she patiently played the part of the critical audience, correcting him when he made mistakes which could be detected by an observer.

K. Lal with an artiste in his "Maya Jaal".

Today, she designs the numerous costumes and shops for the heavy, rich brocades all over the world. As many as 500 different robes are used in a single show of three hours comprising 60 acts of magic. These include the dresses worn by the troupe members. The girls in the show belong to Calcutta, the Lals' hometown and when they tour India or abroad, Pushpa prefers to put them up at her place of residence. "I feel it is my responsibility to look after them when they are away from home," she said.

Some of the lavish sets and pantomimes are the creation of her imagination. The newer ones have been designed by her daughter.

As the curtain rises, Pushpa bustles backstage, organising within minutes the changing of costumes and interiors. Each member gets only a few seconds to transform his/her image and the costume is kept ready by Pushpa so that it can be quickly slipped on. "Initially, I taught my girls the art of make-up and hairstyles, now they manage by themselves," she said. "Many of the girls have been with us for several years. Some are amateur magicians, too, unlike me," she added.

Pushpa never took an interest in magic "since there was no question of my ever performing on the stage. I come from a very orthodox Gujarati family."

She is also the financial genius of the troupe. All the accounts are handled by her, from buying materials and getting them tailored, to organising shows and making payments to the employees. She also arranges for the transportation of 50 tons of props which are used on stage for the various items.

The artistes cannot imagine a show without the security of Pushpa's presence backstage. "The pace of the acts would suffer if she wasn't there," said one of them.

Mala Vaishnav

CHAND RAI

"SINGING IS WORSHIP"

The Nagpur branch of the Bharatiya Vidya Bhawan co-sponsored with Nag-Feme Jaycees on March 17, the first solo performance of ghazal singer Mrs. Chand Rai. The intention was to give "recognition to a good artiste."

She had sung earlier in the city and was very well received. But she needed a performance all by herself and when she got the chance, she was an immediate hit. The jam-packed audience listened raptly and responded enthusiastically. It was listening to a different voice, one that never went four notes beyond the octave and that did not sing popular filmi ghazals. It was listening to words and feelings ardently delivered.

"I am not a great artiste," Chand Rai said modestly. "I don't want to be a ghazal queen. Nor do I want to be like somebody else. I want to be myself. But within that framework I wish to be recognised as an artiste, and I am not willing to compromise to achieve quick and easy success and fame. I want it absolutely on merit."

Chand Rai is firm on this, for singing is worship for her. Brought up and living in a highly cultured but very conservative family, and being the wife of Mr. Kuldeep Rai, Divisional Manager of Hindustan Petroleum in Nagpur, she has to maintain a high standard at home. So her duties as a housewife are very exacting. Only after meticulously attending to them, does she retire into her puja room and sing.

Poetry is a part of Chand Rai's family tradition. Her father, a railway engineer from Jullunder, was a poet and lover of music. Her eight sisters wrote poetry and sang, and her five brothers wrote songs and books. Chand Rai chose the ghazal as her singing forte and Yunus Malik as her first and only guru in 1972 when she heard a record of his.

She explained, "What impels me towards Malikji is his 'sur.' I can't just sing words. The words must have music and that's where my guru excels. When composing music for my own Punjabi poetry and folk songs and Hindi 'geets' I do it on my own, but for the ghazals I depend on him.

Chand Rai took to singing in 1972 at the age of 30. Being late in the field, she dedicated herself to long hours of practice. Within a year she was singing with big names like Madhurani Faizabadi, Jagjeet Singh, Hina Mehta and her guru.

But her love for the ghazal goes beyond singing. She wants to help all those who have a talent for this type of music. And so she is conducting classes in ghazal singing.

Nagpur has already recognised the tall, fair, reed-slender artiste. This is just the beginning. The best is yet to come.

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Continued from page 17

that Delhi was the capital of a fairy land.

"You'll forget me once you reach Delhi." Miss Matthews said in a sad voice.

"Oh, no how can I? I'll write a letter. They teach us how to write letters.

She ran down and returned with a small note-book made from pages torn out of old exercise books. In her own childish scrawl she had jotted down in it the addresses of her many friends. Opening the book at a blank page, Miss Matthews wrote down her address although she had no illusion that she would ever receive a letter from the girl. If at all, she would write to her just once and then forget all about it. She might even misplace her note book.

When the Tandons started packing up, Miss Matthews felt as if her own home was being broken up; it looked like a deserted camp. She had sent Leena's things with Dhaniram whom Mrs. Tandon had asked to help her with the packing, but in the evening they were found lying on the garbage heap. They had no use for this junk. But they could not treat Lord Shiva in the same manner. Dhaniram was instructed to wrap it up in paper and throw it in a tank.

Leena didn't mind. She had already become a "Delhiwali." She didn't mind parting company with Silky either. Papa had been allotted a big house in Delhi and Mummy had promised her a puppy.

On the last day of their stay, Miss Matthews invited the Tandons to tea. On behalf of Leena they extended her an invitation to visit Delhi. In reply, Miss Matthews gave a thin smile.

"Memsaab, those people are leaving," Dhaniram said as he saw an empty taxi stopping outside the Tandon's door. Miss Matthews was about to go down when she saw the Tandons coming up to bid her good-bye. She came out to see them off.

Leena was sitting in the taxi, with her friends talking to her through the window.

"Good morning, Miss Matthews. We're going!" Leena said bubbling with excitement.

"Don't be a fool!" Leena's bhaiyya said. "Nobody says good morning all the time. Say goodbye." Her learned brother was shortly going to sit for his Matric examination.

"Oh, don't teach her that awful word!" Miss Matthews said, bristling. But her voice stuck in her throat.

She kept looking at the receding car till it disappeared into the darkness. She dismissed the talkative Dhaniram at the gate. He had received a generous tip and was looking pleased. Closing the wicket gate as she turned to go in, her eyes fell on the lock on the ground floor flat. The key was lying in her pocket. Treading the stairs on heavy feet she entered her house.

The house was plunged in darkness. There were only two glow-worms shining in the dark. She switched on the light.

Sitting on the quilt in her bed, Silky was staring at her.

FRANKLY SPEAKING

Devi

DOG HOUSE TITBITS

"Mithun Chakravorty's wife was a real bitch," said a starlet. "No wonder after divorce he has replaced her with four dogs," I said. Cats being my favourites (including the big cats), I keep dogs at a distance. It is easy to share my food with cats because we like the same things — milk, milk products and fish. But Mithun has these Alsatians who leap out like chariot horses the minute his door is opened. Staying next to him is glamour crazy lawyer, Shyam Keswani, who feeds all star pets, be it Mithun's dogs, Sadhana's poodle, or R.K. Nayyar.

It is but natural that at Shyam's party with guests like Sheetal, the Nayyars with their dog, and Mithun's cousin Vijay, he only served meat and bones. And Sadhana's poodle (actually it was not hers; Nayyar's uncle had gone out of Bombay and Sadhana was baby, rather poodle, sitting for him) poked its nose into all the plates. Mithun did not turn up, as he was on day and night shifts. He, I suppose, would have come with four dogs and dinner would have been a real dog house.

At the party, the host as well as the Nayyars informed me that Amarjeet is no more the producer of "Rocky", that Sunil Dutt and Amarjeet had a tiff about the overexposure (raw stock bills were zooming) of Sunjay Dutt. Now this dog house is Amarjeet's tabela. Besides, I could believe it because Sunil Dutt with an eye only for Sunjay, and Amarjeet with his hair pulled over his eyes, may not see eye to eye. But Amarjeet very sheepishly denied the news while he sat in his office and the shooting was in full swing on a set a little away. For all outer appearances, Amarjeet looked disjoined with the film, but for the record said Amarjeet, "These people, Sadhana and Nayyar, have all the time in the world for gossip. Even Ooty and Bangalore buzzed with the news according to Anand Bakshi." The only thing that travelled to Bangalore, Ooty and back before my column came in print was Sadhana Nayyar.

Filmfolk like Ashok Kumar, Raj Khosla, etc. who did not go in for divorce must be regretting it, because their daughters instead have decided on publicity and high drama. Ashok Kumar's daughter, Bharati, married to dentist Dr. Patel, is reportedly going in for divorce, and Raj Khosla's daughter, Uma, after the dhoom dham wedding and expenses is reluctant to go to her husband's house. What emotional blackmail!

PEOPLE AND EVENTS

BOMBAY

"Books are the windows by which one can see the world in its true form," said Mr. Sudhakar Samant, editor of **Konkan Vaibhav,** inaugurating the Children's Library donated by Andheri Jaycees at Prati Rakshanagar, a slum colony in Santacruz.

Mr. Samant said that children are the future leaders and appealed to the large gathering of children to follow the ideals of great saints and leaders.

Mr. D. S. Shirke, Secretary of Prati Rakshanagar Residents' Association, conveyed his gratitude to Andheri Jaycees.

• • •

To create awareness about the fast vanishing natural resources and wild life among people from all walks of life, concerned people have got together and started "The Friends of Wild Animals & Birds". It is an independent, non-political, non-regional, voluntary organisation.

Those interested may write for details to the Hon. Secretary, The Friends of Wild Animals & Birds, Janki Nivas, 10/35, Gokhale Road (North), Dadar, Bombay-400 028.

• • •

The Bombay Centre for the Performing Arts has recently started a "Performing Arts Circle", an association of artistes, teachers of drama and critics. The members of this organisation will be able to see one new **Tamil drama** every month. The membership fee per year is Rs. 50 for individuals and Rs. 80 for couples. Besides local groups, out of town groups will also perform for members at a rate of Rs. 600 per performance.

• • •

The Bombay Jaycees and the Children's Orthopaedic Hospital organised a fancy dress competition for handicapped children at the Birla Kreeda Kendra. The competition was divided into three age groups: children under 8 years, 8 to 12 years and 12 to 14 years.

CALCUTTA

M. S. Subhalakshmi's two hour recital at Kalamandir delighted the audience. Her programme ranged from bhajans to pure classical ragas. She ended with D. L. Roy's famous patriotic song "Dhana Dhanye" which she sang not only in the original Bengali, but also in Sanskrit, Hindi, Marathi and Tamil.

• • •

The Academy of Fine Arts held an exhibition of Benode Behari Mukherjee's paintings which reflected his finesse and skill. There were a number of woodcuts on view also. All the exhibits were done before he became almost blind.

• • •

The Progressive Educational Techniques Society held an exhibition of educational aides and toys made by the "Play 'N Learn Crafts" at Loreto House. The exhibition was inaugurated by Mr. Parimal Dey, Minister for Primary Education.

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1. At a cultural show held by the Khar Residents Association Cultural Wing, Bombay, are seen Chief Guest Mr. S. S. Varde (with badge) Maharashtra's Minister for Education, Cultural Affairs & Sports; Jairaj (extreme left) and Anuradha Poudval and Mangala Nath, playback singers (extreme right), and others.

2. At a Variety Revue entitled "Health is Wealth" held in Bombay to felicitate Mr. N. P. Godrej, are seen from left Mr. S. P. Godrej; Chief Guest, Bindiya Goswami, Mr. N. P. Godrej, Mrs. S. N. Godrej and Mr. D. Madon.

3. In Cairo, The Information Service of India organised an exhibition of books published in India. Seen in the picture are Mr. Bassily Fotiades, Chief of Cyprus News Agency, Cairo and Mrs. Padma Chib, wife of the Indian Ambassador.

AHMEDABAD

Gujarat's Governor Mrs. Sharda Mukherjee felicitated Miss W. D'Souza, JRC, Counsellor of Mt. Carmel School, Ahmedabad. for her commendable service in the Junior Red Cross Section in her school. This was done at the annual general meeting of the Gujarat branch of the Indian Red Cross Society. While appreciating the activities of the Gujarat Red Cross, the Governor complimented Dr. Vasant Vani, who is the backbone behind these activities. The Society's activities include running maternity and child welfare centres, family planning, medical assistance to the poor, health propaganda, ambulance services, and organising blood donations.

SIMLA

At the 12th Annual Bimal Roy Memorial All India Dramatic Competition, "Neta Kursi Prasad Singh", a one act Hindi play was adjudged the best play. Staged by Shriram Chemical Industries, Kota. it won the Balraj Sahni Memorial Award.

Twelve teams comprising 300 artistes from all over the country presented their plays, many of which were satires on the present political situation in the country.

Mr. B. L. Sharma of Kota and Ritu Jaiswal of Gorakhpur won the best actor and actress awards.

Mr. Sudershan Gour, renowned Hindi stage actor and founder of the competition gave away the prizes.

LUCKNOW

To make the International Year of the Child more memorable for the children of Lucknow, the Lucknow Women's Association will hold a series of contests, including those in the art of essay writing, short stories and one act plays. The prize distribution will be held on Gandhi Jayanti.

• • •

Mrs. Neena Mathur, Chairman of the District Red Cross Hospital Society has announced the decision to donate a water cooler, a television set, some toys and paintings as well as a sum of Rs. 5,000 for the construction of a water tank, all to be constructed in the children's ward of the Civil Hospital at Lucknow.

• • •

Year of the Child, the City Montessori School sponsored an 'International School-to-School Experience'. A delegation of 18 Ethopian, Nigerian, American and Iranian students, led by three teachers stayed with families at Lucknow.

Ranging in age from 10-13 years, they belong to the New Era International School, Panchgani, Maharashtra. The object of this exercise was to bring the children in contact with Indian lifestyles. Mrs. Beverlee Miller, one of the group leaders, summed up the trip as a "living experience" where all kinds of different children come to a realisation of the universality of man.

विचार-मंच

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4. Aruna Kapoor, Hindi novelist and poet speaks on her latest book "Toote Khilone" at a seminar organised at the U. P. Information Centre in Delhi.

5. Ritu Jaiswal receives the best actress award from Mr. Sudershan Gour, eminent Hindi stage actor at the 12th Annual Bimal Roy Memorial All India Dramatic Competition held in Simla under the auspices of the All India Artistes Association Simla.

6. Mrs. Billo Kapur, President, Urvashi Ladies Club, inaugurating the tubewell donation ceremony at NAVA NIR (home for the aged) in Calcutta. Seen from left are Mr. Rusi Gimy, Chairman, Nava Nir; Mrs. Billo Kapur Mrs. Renuka Ray, Mrs. D. Arora, Mrs. Pushpa Luthra and Mrs. Pushpa Sachdev.

THIS WEEK FOR YOU

FOR THE WEEK JULY 15 — 21, 1979
John Naylor

IF IT'S YOUR BIRTHDAY THIS WEEK:

A year mostly of material success and emotional satisfaction, a year in which to pursue with confidence your plans for monetary gains, to socialise, to expect domestic happiness if married, happy romance if single. Minor set-backs will be there, of course, like short periods of ill-health of someone you love, but no major disaster or cause for sorrow. But be tactful in your relationship with colleagues, and even with relatives. For those who hope and plan to seek jobs abroad and live there, there are very good chances. You may have to accept new responsibilties, but do not hesitate. They will bring you satisfaction. Be careful in money matters. Carelessness may lead to bad debts, unnecessary worries, so a year to plan savings, avoid financial involvements. There may be family wrangles, but some relatives will prove very helpful.

ARIES
(March 22 — April 20)

Possible setback to your plans and interests till Thursday. So don't ask favours, on Thursday. Be tactful with influential associates. Don't air your non-conformist views and offend them.

TAURUS
(April 21 — May 21)

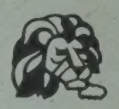
A friendly discussion will help produce a profitable arrangement or renew one that has lapsed. Matters may seem to go wrong initially, but will take a favourable turn subsequently.

GEMINI
(May 22 — June 21)

A happy week for both work and leisure. Success in competition and luck in gambling. Your hobbies give you much pleasure. Don't hesitate to follow up a tip in the earlier part of the week.

CANCER
(June 22 — July 23)

The weekend will prove very pleasant and make you feel good, self-confident, but don't assert your opinions too loudly. It may put off your well-wishers and lessen their desire to help you. Tact will pay dividends.



LEO
(July 24 — August 23)

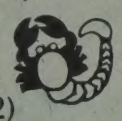
Favourable for travelling for pleasure or profit. Events this week could be important, so note them down. A good week for discussions, and agreements reached on their basis will cause important changes in your outlook.

VIRGO
(August 24 — September 23)

A distant elder relative will prove very helpful, but there may be a minor crisis in your domestic life. If any project you have undertaken develops too many snags, scrap it. It is not worth pursuing.

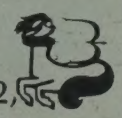
LIBRA
(September 24 — October 23)

You complete an ambitious project and find that you now have plenty of leisure. Pleasant social life and suddenly there is a new zest to life when a person with whom you were involved about two years ago comes back into your life.



SCORPIO
(October 24 — November 22)

An important new phase in your life is beginning with a change in your domestic or working life which you have been contemplating for some time. This could start with substantial improvements to your house.



SAGITTARIUS
(November 23 — December 22)

Get busy on Sunday finishing things that you have put off. Difficulties you face in your work will be overcome in the second half of the week. But be wary of your colleagues with whom you are not on good terms.

CAPRICORN
December 23 — January 20)

Socialising on Sunday will be beneficial. Disagreements with a relative may be more serious than you expected, so go easy on arguments. Make your plans for this months in consultation with your partner.

AQUARIUS
(January 21 — February 19)

Life may become more exciting with the reappearance of an old flame. Avoid extravagance on luxuries and entertainment. If you doubt a person you have become emotionally involved with recently, drop the romance.

PISCES
(February 20 — March 21)

An old friend will be the cause of some important developments in your life. Domestic problems that have been plaguing you will find a solution. Handle valuable possessions with care, and accept advice with caution.

HELPING THE HEARING-IMPAIRED

An Australian education experiment in which normal children are taught together with hearing-impaired children, is paying dividends — for everyone.

Yet, when it was first proposed in 1975 by teachers at Brighton Primary School Speech and Hearing Centre in Adelaide, the South Australian capital, many parents of normal children were not enthusiastic.

They belived that while hearing-impaired children would benefit from the arrangement, their own children would be disadvantaged.

In practice the reverse has happened.

The Speech and Hearing Centre is part of a normal State-run primary school. Parents of normal children are invited to volunteer their children for the integrated classes and there is now a waiting list.

Mr. Harry Strathdee, Principal of the Centre, explained: "From the list we choose only those children who would be of most value to us in our particular circumstances.

"These are children, neither too bright nor too slow, emotionally stable, with no behaviour problems — and fairly talkative. A child who talks too much in a normal class might well be just the one we need," Mr. Strathdee said.

He said a "wonderful empathy" seemed to develop quickly between normal children and those with hearing problems.

Those with good hearing appeared to be motivated to learn as much as possible as quickly as possible in order to be able to help their less fortunate classmates.

Finger spelling is not used at the Adelaide Centre, which relies totally on aural-oral methods.

"All the children become more articulate and outgoing — more eager to come to school," Mr. Strathdee said.

While the dedicated band of teachers at the Centre are pleased with the results they are getting in their "sound perception business," they are concerned about the many hearing-impaired children who may not be diagnosed and who may be simply "written off" by parents or teachers as lazy, uncooperative or even stupid.

"Quite often deafness is something which a local doctor does not find out. Provided a child reacts in some way to noise, the doctor assumes that he can hear, but he cannot assess the quality of the hearing," Mr. Strathdee said.

He added that parents should watch for these signs in their children, all possible points to a hearing impairment: Consistent inattention; consistent leaving off of word endings in speech (for example, saying "walk" instead of "walked"); disobedience due to the child not having heard an instruction or having misinterpreted it; slowness on the uptake — which might first appear to be due to lack of intelligence rather than lack of hearing.

When in doubt, he said, tests should be arranged and a specialist consulted as soon as possible.

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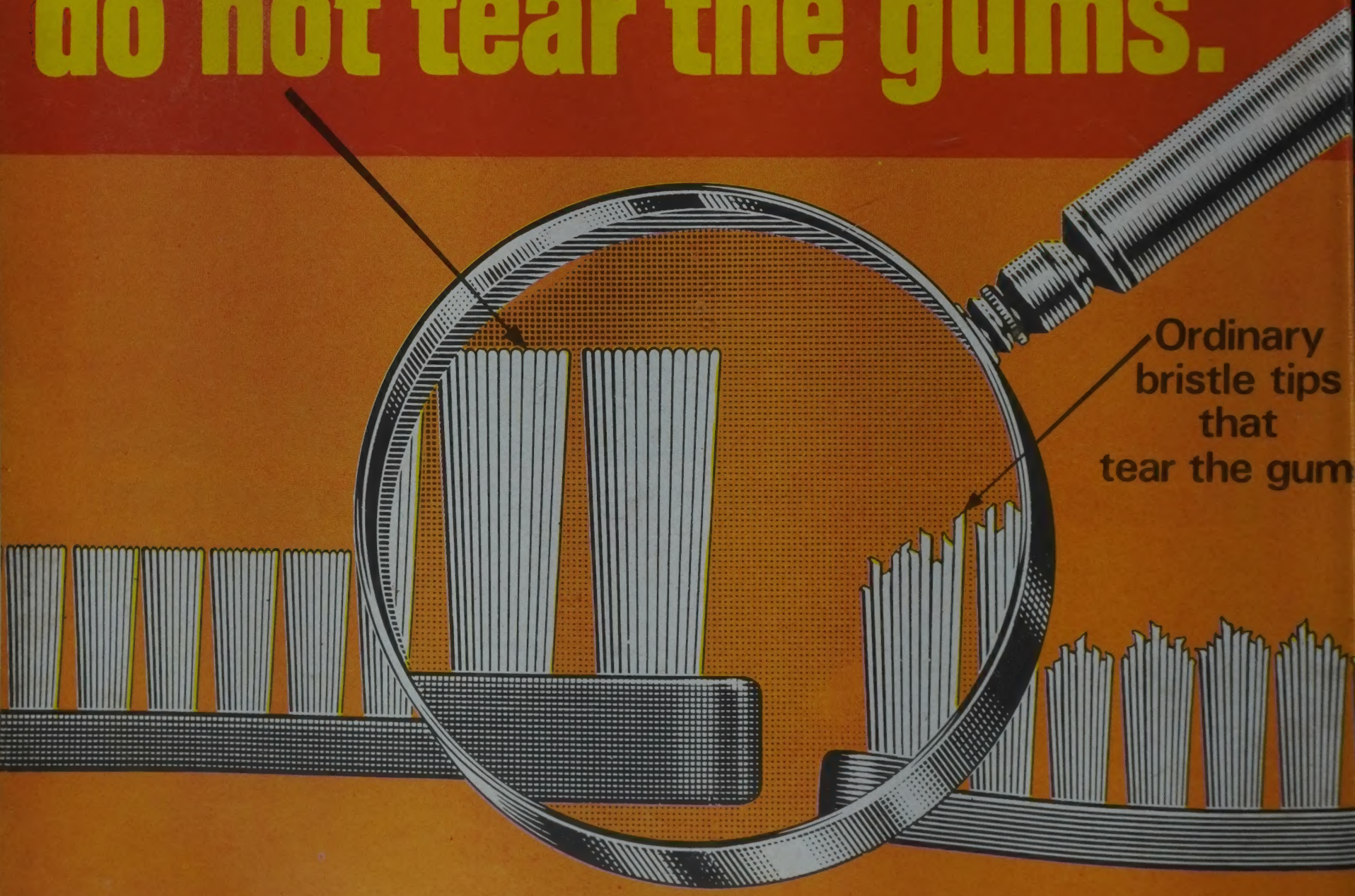

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